

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1866.

THE MINISTERS AND WORSHIP OF THE DESERT.

BY HON. G. P. DISBROW.

"But go thou to the pastoral vales  
Of the Alpine mountains old,  
If thou would'st hear immortal tales  
By the wind's deep whispers told.  
  
When forth, along their thousand rills,  
The mountain people come,  
Join thou their worship, on those hills  
Of glorious martyrdom."—MRS. HEMANS.

THE Churches of the Desert were those retired and wild spots where the Protestants of France held their religious services during the early persecutions of that bigoted land. These were often found in the retired passes of the *Cevennes*, where holy altars of rude stone, turf, and wood were erected, like the ancient altars of the patriarchs in the land sanctified by the footsteps of Abraham and the prophets of the Lord.

The great festivals of the Reformed French Church took place in the Desert when they were to be blessed with the pastor's presence, and to sing, pray, and receive religious instruction. A splendid fete in that day, at the gay Versailles, could not be an occasion of more concern or arrangements, and, above all, of greater anxiety, than many of these poor humble assemblies, which perhaps were destined to send its pastor to the stake or scaffold, the men to the galleys, and the women into prisons or convents for life.

The Desert arrangements were sometimes commenced two, three, and six months beforehand, and all the faithful have notice of it, but nothing must be made public. If any hostile move should be heard all were warned timely, for fear that some, as had often happened, would find soldiers where they expected their retired, pious

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brethren. Hence arose a proper organization, which seemed regularly arranged, but formed itself only temporarily from the influence of danger alone. Whole months, at times, passed away in concerting the plan of a Desert assemblage; still one was often convoked in a few hours. The preacher unexpectedly arriving at some village, a single word from him, in a short time, would collect in some retired valley one or two thousand of his followers.

These solemn convocations were arranged with perfect regularity—the choice of the place, the disposition of the sentinels, all fixed with admirable art and management. Yet, in the most peaceful times, the assembly could never be sure of finishing their religious exercises in quietness; never was any one of the hearers safe from the secret, fatal ball that might destroy him on the very spot of his devotions; and in their martyr history we find a long list of such bloody visitations. On one occasion, when not less than 10,000 were assembled in one of the deserts of Lower Languedoc, a region rich in corn and fruits, just as the preacher ascended the pulpit, suddenly he perceived on an eminence the uniform of royal soldiers. Shots immediately followed, and not a ball missed its victim in the crowded multitude. They cried, struggled, and fled, while the persecutors, re-loading, repeated the murderous volley four times. A single word from the pastor of the Desert would have torn the assailants to pieces. But not so; the Christian submission the man of God had ever preached he still declared at this trying, indignant moment. The assembly carried away their dead and wounded, and from the midst of the retiring, praying band, there arose to God the interrupted psalms of grateful praise.

At such a moment of trial and death, how did these forest songs of the Huguenot fore-fathers penetrate the very soul! With them

these psalms became epic, and as truthful, and profoundly so, as have ever been written or sung by any nation. They became sacred treasures, the patriotic remembrances of joys, hopes, and griefs. A single verse or line often contained a whole history, and this was sung by the mother at the cradle of her first-born, while some other was chanted by one of the martyrs on his march to death. The Vaudois returning armed to their country sung these sacred songs, while the bold, pious Camisards marched with them to the field of battle. In the year 1703 the Count de Broglie attacked two hundred Camisards at Val de Bane, but the approach of the troops did not move the resolute band, who continued singing the sixtieth Psalm, with one knee on the ground, till they had received the first volley, when they replied with such effect that their enemies retreated. Their battle song then was thus versified:

"Que Dieu se montie seu lement,  
Et l'on verra dans le moment  
Abandonner la place;  
Le camp des enemies epars  
Epouventé de toutes parts,  
Fuira devant sa face," etc.

O, what cheering songs! these psalms of the wilderness! What human language can ever express the joys and consolations which they imparted to the dying, upon their own soil crimsoned with their own blood! If permitted, those who once thus wept, prayed, and sung, must have looked down with joy from their heavenly height upon such scenes as these!

In these mountain retreats the man of God would be listened to with profound silence, the Bible placed upon a table before him. Remaining a moment in silent prayer, he then opened its sacred pages. Nehemiah we can readily imagine was read, for the simple narrative of the sufferings of the Lord's people possessed such interest, and so aptly suited the persecuted Frenchmen. The sighs and longings, the consolations and promises of the oppressed Jews so well suited their case! Their captivity, return, and the rebuilding of the Temple, all became a type and prophecy to them. When would liberty and peace dawn over the Cevennes Mountains? When should their sacred Temple be rebuilt? They now put their trust entirely in the Lord.

The most touching character of the petitions was the profound humility with which they bore the most inhuman cruelties of man, as the chastisements from heaven. With this pious sentiment we find their solemn liturgies, hymns and exhortations all filled—profoundly filled.

From the very bottom of their hearts they exclaimed with the prophet Nehemiah, "We have sinned against thee; we have not kept the commandments which thou hast given us." "Let us kneel, then, brethren, let us all kneel; let each of us, in the sight of God, and implore him to enlighten our consciences." A profound silence ensued, the Cevennes all kneeling, their hands joined and their eyes fixed upon the ground, while they mutually communed with their own hearts. This solemn act was customary in their public worship, and often, especially on fast-days, the officiating minister paused to request the people to discharge this solemn duty, he kneeling at the same time, with clasped hands, and his head supported by the Bible.

On the 20th of March, 1702, the numerous pathways to the "*Temple*," as the retired spot was called, were crowded with the faithful on the way to God's worship. This was the well-known name of one of those retired places in the Cevennes or Mountains of Languedoc, where ten thousand persons could be seated. From its lofty surrounding eminences danger could be perceived at a great distance, and this had rendered the solitary spot famous in the history of the Desert worship. Some had now already assembled, the pulpit had been arranged, and behind it a tent for the use of the pastors. Very soon the whole place was filled; the people had left their homes, as they always did, with the feeling that perhaps they might not return again. Never had a larger or more numerous assembly been seen at the *Temple*.

In solitudes like this, the pious persecuted children of France

"Foiled  
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws."

To their usual ardor, on this occasion, was added the attractive ceremony of an ordination to the Christian ministry. The Reformed glories in erecting once more the sacred pulpit which the Parliament, the kings of France for a hundred years past, had done their utmost to overthrow. Moreover, they now built it within sight, as it were, of the new gibbet for one who had been accustomed to address them—the pious Rochette. Upon hearing the description of his glorious and triumphant death, all asked themselves if they should die with the same holy courage and constancy!

"They stood prepared to die, a people doomed  
To death—old men, and youths, and simple maids."

According to the ancient customs of the Reformed Church, seven pastors were to unite in dedicating their new laborer to his holy work. Vincent, Guizot, Encontie, Gibert, Bastide, and

Pradel, faithful men in that day, had already arrived, accompanied by the Elders of their Churches. Soon the seventh appeared, preceded by his four guides, and followed with a numerous group. This personage was one of the most extraordinary men of that day; the Christian hero of many stirring narratives, and a marked leader of the Lord's scattered flock. His son was by his side, and to-day the center of all eyes, for he was to receive ordination.

In front of the pulpit a raised platform had been prepared for the six assistant pastors. The reader now took his place, when the precious verses he repeated penetrated distinctly the remotest corners of the *Temple*, where ten thousand hearts thankfully gathered this ancient manna of their Desert worship. Then, suddenly ten thousand voices broke forth in that triumphal hymn, which had been here often sung by many lips now silent in death—the old Huguenot *Te Deum*.

"We praise the mighty God, we worship thee, O Lord;  
A joyful hymn we sing unto thy name adored;  
By all thy creatures raised, it through the earth shall  
ring

In honor of our God, our Father, and our King."

The immense multitude followed the strain from line to line, from word to word. At the end of the verse they stopped, when another was continued with united voices:

"Thrice holy is our God, the universe shall shout,  
The mighty Lord of hosts."

The procession now left the tent, and it was truly a humble one. Passing through the crowd, at first came several elders, then *Rabaut* the pastor of the "Wilderness," next his son between two other pastors, and then four others all in their sacred robes. Several elders followed, and this was all—all the pomp of Protestantism for such an impressive occasion. In the then famed Reformed Cathedral at Geneva, the spectator of such a religious scene would have beheld no more than he now saw beneath the blue vault of heaven. Upon the platform at the foot of the pulpit were seated the pastors, and in front stood the youthful candidate, Saint Etienne. We need not follow the ceremony step by step. He was ordained, his own father, in fact, conferring the right or privilege to mount the scaffold for his pure faith. He became *Rabaut de St. Etienne*, a member afterward of the French National Assembly, and lost his life by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

*Rabaut*, the father, was now in the pulpit, and read his text, "I send you forth, as sheep in the midst of wolves." The reading of the

text amid the agitated movement of the vast crowd and their sobs, with the emotions of the speaker himself, rendered its declaration almost as impressive as the most eloquent sermon. An hour afterward, re-entering the tent, the new pastor threw himself into the arms of his father, and *Rabaut*, exhausted in body and soul, only murmured, "My son, my son, God be with thee!" when other voices repeated, "Amen and amen!"

Sometimes there happened a wedding feast in the Wilderness, but no songs or laughter were heard there. What then would signify noisy wishes and commonplace felicitations? for a sword hung over the head of each guest, and, more than any others, over the newly-married couple. Marrying in the Desert, they committed one of the crimes most pitilessly punished by the cruel edicts, then ruling the pious Reformers of France. Many, alas! were torn asunder the very day upon which they had been united, and they had no need of the usual ceremonies which the gay world had. They prayed and were joyful, because they prayed much.

Often in the retired passes of these mountains did the children of God build with stones, turf, and wood, the antique altar of the patriarchs; and perfuming it with thyme, ascending it, they then, upon their knees, with hands raised to heaven, offered themselves up body and soul to God. These old mountains, at such a moment, were no longer the Cevennes, but as it were the land sanctified by Abraham's footsteps, or the prophets, or the Son of God. And in these times of desolation and sorrow, they became an Eden of joy to the oppressed.

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#### LIVE NEAR THE CROSS.

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BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

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LIVE near the cross when storms arise,  
When adverse gales blow wild and drear,  
When clouds of darkness veil the skies,  
Live near the cross, thou shalt not fear.

The cross protects the fainting soul  
That hastens to its hallowed shade;  
When surging waves upon thee roll,  
Let this thy sure defense be made.

And when a cold, deceitful world  
Shall make thy tender spirit feel;  
When harsh unkindness wounds the soul,  
The cross—the cross has power to heal!

Live near the cross till Death shall place  
His icy signet on thy brow,  
Then take the crown of righteousness,  
Behold it glistening yonder now!

THE ANTWERP LABORER AND HIS FAMILY.\*  
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, A. M.

## I.

THE last days of January, 1841, were extremely cold. The streets of the city of Antwerp were dressed in Winter garb, and shone with dazzling whiteness. The snow did not come down in gentle flakes, scattering itself about capriciously like soft down, but harsh as hail it lashed the windows that were so carefully closed to keep it out, and the shrill whistle of the north wind drove most of those who ventured to their doors back again to the comfortable stoves within.

But in spite of the rigor of the weather, and though it was yet but 9 o'clock in the morning, thanks to its being Friday—the market-day in Antwerp—there were many people in the streets. The young folks kept themselves warm by trotting along briskly, dignified citizens blew their breath on their fingers, while laborers lashed their bodies with their arms.

Just at this time a young woman, walking at a brisk pace, crossed the Rue de la Boutique, with which by this time she ought to have been well acquainted, for she passed from one humble house to another, and always came out with an expression of the sweetest satisfaction on her face. A satin cloak, no doubt well-lined and warmly wadded, was wrapped about her elegant figure; a velvet bonnet inclosed a kindly face, and her cheeks were softly purpled by the keen air. A boa was rolled about her neck, and her hands were hid in a rich muff. This young woman, who appeared to be in easy circumstances, stood by the door of a house as if about to enter, where she saw, not far off, a lady of her acquaintance. She stopped before the door of the humble dwelling till her friend was within a few steps of her, then advancing

with a pleasant smile to meet her she said, "Good morning, Adèle, how are you?"

"Pretty well, thank you, and how are you?"

"Quite well, thank God, and happier than I can tell you."

"How's that? Surely this isn't a morning to put one in a good humor."

"It's just the kind of morning for me, Adèle. I've been out an hour, and I have visited twenty of these wretched houses. I have seen misery enough to break one's heart, Adèle. Hunger, cold, sickness, nakedness—it is incredible. O, I am so happy to be rich! It is such a pleasure to do good."

"I declare you are going to cry, Anna. I see tears in your eyes now. Come, don't be so sensitive. Poor folks can not have much to complain of this Winter. Think how much has been distributed—coal, bread, potatoes in abundance. Only yesterday I subscribed fifty francs, and I tell you I would rather give my money through others than to go into these villainous houses myself."

"Adèle," said the other, "you know nothing of the poor. You judge them by these rascally tattered beggars, who think the asking of alms a good trade, and who tear and soil their clothes for the express purpose of exciting horror and pity. Come with me and I will show you working-people whose clothes are not rags, whose lodgings are not vile holes, and whose lips never open to ask alms, but only to thank and bless those who relieve their distress. You can see the horrible want depicted on their sunken faces. You can see it in the black, frozen bread, clinched by the numb fingers of starving children, in the mother's tears and the father's black despair. O, if you do but once see this silent picture of suffering, what heavenly joy you will find in changing it all with a little money! You will see the poor little children clinging to your dress while they dance for joy, the mother will smile gratefully with clasped hands, the father overwhelmed with joy at his deliverance will press your hand tenderly between his own hard palms, bathing it with tears; and then you will shed tears of joy yourself, Adèle, and you will not withdraw your hand from that of the working man, rough as his may be. Really, Adèle, the recollection of such moments as these affects me too much."

While Anna was drawing this picture with a voice full of the deepest feeling, her friend had not uttered a single word, not even one of those little words—exclamations that serve to indicate the hearer's sympathy. Anna's emotion had gotten the better of her, and when her

\* The story given here is by Hendrick Conscience, the well-known Flemish writer. The story is valuable, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as being a fine example of the simplicity of style and purity of moral sentiment for which the writings of this author are so remarkable. I am not aware that this touching little piece has ever been rendered into English before; certainly one can not but wish that the writings of Conscience were better known in America. This story is called by the author, "What a Mother can Suffer;" but I have ventured to substitute the present title as more expressive of its purport. It is proper that I should say that the present translation is made, not from the original in the Flemish dialect, but from the authorized French edition.

friend looked up she was drawing a handkerchief from her muff to dry the great tears that stood in her eyes.

"Anna," said Adèle, "I mean to visit the poor with you. I have money with me. Let us consecrate the morning to good deeds. I am so glad to have met you."

The good Anna looked at her friend with enthusiasm. She was delighted to have secured another benefactress for the poor. Followed by Adèle, she entered, a few steps farther on, a house in which she knew there was suffering.

The house on whose threshold she was stopped by the sight of her friend was forgotten. This was pardonable, for she had never entered it, and she had proposed to do so only that she might satisfy herself that it did not contain some wretched family hitherto unknown to her.

## II.

But in a room in that very house there dwelt indeed an unfortunate household. Four naked walls were the silent and only witnesses of suffering untold, and the heart-rending spectacle was enough to fill one, not only with grief, but with a certain feeling of hatred toward society. The air was as bitter cold as that in the street, and there was a dampness about it that penetrated the clothes. On the hearth there was a feeble fire fed by fragments of furniture, and which now and then shot up flickering flames. A sick infant, barely one year old, lay on a bed in the middle of the room; its livid face, its little wasted arms, its eyes set in their sockets, all made one feel that it would soon claim a place in the Stuivenberg.\* Seated on a heavy stone near the child, a woman, still young, hid her face with her hands. Her clothes, though sadly faded, did not bear the stamp of that sort of poverty that asks openly for assistance; on the contrary, an exquisite neatness and numerous but almost imperceptible mendings, bore witness to the care she had taken to conceal her poverty. Now and then a sigh escaped from her oppressed bosom and tears trickled down over the fingers that hid her features. Yet at the least motion of the infant she lifted her head with a shudder, looking with sobs and gloomy terror at the withered cheeks, and then drawing the cover again over its cold limbs, she would fall back weeping and hopeless upon the stone. The profoundest silence reigned in this place of desolation; a silence broken only by the snow that beat against the windows and the melancholy howlings of the wind in the chimney.

\* The cemetery of the city of Antwerp.

For a while the woman seemed to sleep; the babe had not stirred, and she had not raised her head. She seemed even to have ceased weeping, for the tears no longer glistened between her fingers. The room was like a tomb that had received its occupants and was to be opened no more.

All at once a feeble voice from beside the fire murmured, "Mamma, dear mamma, I'm hungry."

This plaint was from a little boy of five or six years, crouched in the chimney corner, and so doubled together over the fire that it was only by looking closely that one could make him out at all. He trembled and shook as if racked by a fever, and by listening you might have heard his teeth chatter with the cold.

Whether it was that the woman had not heard his cry, or whether she was paralyzed by the impossibility of satisfying his demand, she did not answer, but sat immovable as before. The deathlike stillness was restored for a moment, but soon the child's voice broke out anew.

"Dear mamma," he said, "I'm hungry. O, give me a little piece of bread!"

This time the woman raised her head, for the child's voice pierced her heart like a knife. The melancholy fire in her expression told her despair.

"Dear little Jean," she answered, bursting into tears, "hush, for the love of God! I'm dying with hunger myself, my poor child, and there is nothing more in the house."

"O, mother, I feel so bad; there is one little piece of bread, is n't there?"

The child's face at this moment had a look so beseeching, the agony of hunger was so vividly depicted on his pale and wasted features, that the mother sprung up as if about to commit an act of despair. She plunged her trembling hand under the cover of the bed, and drawing thence a little piece of bread and going toward the child she said:

"Take it, Jean. I have been keeping this to make a little pap for your poor little sister, but I am afraid she will never want it, poor little lamb!"

Her voice broke down; the mother's heart overflowed with sorrow. As soon as Jean saw the bread, a star of salvation to him, his eyes glistened, his lips became moist, the muscles of his cheeks twitched, and thrusting out his hand he seized the bread as a wolf does its prey.

The mother returned to the sick child, looked at it a moment, then fell back exhausted upon the stone.

Seized with inexpressible joy the little boy

carried the bread eagerly to his mouth, bit it savagely till it was rather more than half gone. Then suddenly he stopped, looked hungrily at the bread for a long time, carried it to his mouth several times, but did not eat any more. At last he rose and approached his mother softly, shook her arm to awaken her out of the sleep in which she seemed to be, and holding out the piece of bread he said in a sweet voice:

"Dear mother, I've kept a little piece for our Mariette. I am very hungry and very sick, but when papa comes back I shall have a piece, sha' n't I, mamma?"

The unhappy woman folded the good boy tenderly to her bosom, but a moment later she let him slip down from her lap without perceiving it, and fell into her former dejection. Jean went very softly to his sister, deposited a kiss on the emaciated cheek of the little sufferer and said, "Sleep on, dear Mariette," then he returned to the fire and, crouching as before on the hearth, relapsed into silence.

It was just this moment that the generous Anna was stopped at the door by the sight of her friend in the distance.

A whole hour elapsed in which the unhappy mother was lost in her sorrowful reverie. She also was hungry. She too felt the imperious cry of an exhausted organism and of the frightful torture that preyed upon her vitals. But she was by a death-bed. She waited in anguish for the hour when she, a mother, should see her child gasp and die. Could she brood over her own sufferings? No; a mother is always a mother, happy or miserable, rich or poor; there is no sentiment more profound, no passion more vast than that which binds a woman to her child. And this affection, this passion is all the more fervent and more absorbing with those who know how much of care, of anguish, and of toil their offspring have cost them.

The poor, above all, know this!

About 10 o'clock mother and child started up at the same instant. She sprung from the stone and he from the hearth, and both cried out together:

"Here's your father, Jean."

"Here's papa, mamma."

A joyous smile gave a strange expression to their faces. They had heard the sound of wheels stopping at their door, and rushed forward to meet him whom they expected. But before they reached the door a man burst abruptly into the room. While he was shaking off the snow Jean seized one of his hands and hung upon it as if he would draw his father forward. The man gave the other hand to his

wife and looked at her with the most utter dejection. At last he said with a sigh:

"Thérèse, we are unfortunate. Since morning I have stood at the entrance to the railway depot with my *mussel-boat* [a kind of handcart] and have not earned any thing. Look here, Thérèse, you may not believe me, but I wish I was dead!"

Insufficient as these words were to express his sorrow, it was none the less overwhelming. His head fell dejectedly upon his shoulder, his eyes were obstinately fixed on the ground, his fists were seen to clinch violently, and the crackling of his finger joints could be heard as the convulsions of despair shook his nerves.

The woman, forgetting her own sufferings at the sight of the tortures her husband endured, threw her arms about his neck and said with sobs:

"O, François, be calm; this will not last always. It is not your fault that we are so unfortunate!"

"Father, father," cried the little boy, "I'm hungry, won't you give me some bread now?"

These words threw the laborer into a frightful agitation. His limbs trembled; he looked with a sort of fury on the little boy; his expression was so savagely fierce that the child, frightened and weeping, took refuge in the chimney corner and cried through his tears:

"O, dear papa, I'll never do it again."

Without being delivered from the frightful trouble that harrowed both soul and body, the man went to the bed and looked with the same hard eye at the little dying child, who just at that moment lifted its eyes to its father.

"Thérèse," he cried, "I can not support this any longer. It is done. This thing must come to an end some time."

"What is it? O, Heaven!" cried his wife, "what is the matter with you?"

The fearful struggle in the mind of the man coming to an end at this moment, he became suddenly calm, and perceiving how much alarm his exclamation had caused his wife, he took her hand and said despondingly:

"Thérèse, you know, woman, that since we were married I have worked steadily; not a day has passed that I have not provided for your wants and those of our children. And now, after ten years of hard work, must I be a common beggar from door to door? Thérèse, if we all die of starvation I do not see how I can do it. I am blushing now to think of it. Beg? No, there remains yet one thing that will give us bread for a short time. It is hard to do it, woman, but I am going to sell the 'mussel-boat.' Perhaps I shall get work dur-

ing the time in which the money will sustain us, we can manage then to get a new 'boat.' Wait, then, half an hour, and I will bring you all something to eat."

The mussel-boat was the only implement the brave laborer had with which to earn his bread; it is not astonishing then that it cost him so much to take the resolution to sell it. The wife was not less afflicted at this extreme necessity than he, but her maternal heart pressed her to come to the assistance of her children. And so she answered:

"Yes, go to the Friday market and sell the mussel-boat, for our poor little Jean is dying of hunger; for myself I can barely stand, and as for the poor innocent lamb there moaning—O, are you not already an angel in heaven, my dear little child!"

The tears burst out afresh; a fit similar to the one he had already felt convulsed the frame of the man, and his fists were again clinched with a crackling sound, but he contained himself and hastened out of the door, a prey to the most violent despair. Soon the cart wheels were heard swiftly flying down the street; nor did the sound cease till lost in the distance.

### III.

At the Friday market, on one side of Falcon alley, there was, among other articles, a little two-wheeled vehicle, one of those hand-carts that are called in Antwerp "mussel-boats," because they are principally used in transporting those mollusks. Not far from the cart stood a man who seemed a prey to the most utter despondency. With folded arms he looked with moistened eyes, first to the mussel-boat and then to the auctioneer, who was selling furniture a little way off. Now and then the sorrow-stricken man stamped upon the ground as if irritated by painful thoughts, but each time he relapsed into an utter hopelessness when his eye fell on the instrument that, till now, had been his means of earning his daily bread.

While he was absorbed in these heart-breaking reflections, two young ladies came into the market at a rapid pace. One of them must have noticed the affliction expressed on the face of the laborer, for she stopped her companion on the corner of Falcon alley, and said:

"Did n't you notice the sorrow on that man's face, Adèle?"

"What man, dear Anna?"

"The man who is stamping in that way. See how he draws his elbows into his sides. Surely, Adèle, he is wretched."

"Perhaps so, Anna; but he appears to me to be angry."

"No, Adèle, I know the expression too well. The unhappy always have an appearance that can not be mistaken. It attracts the generous heart, while wickedness and anger repel. I can not be deceived, my dear friend; this man is a victim of this long Winter. His clothes, you see, are neither soiled nor torn. Let us go to him; I feel bold enough to ask him the cause of his sorrow."

The two friends moved toward the laborer, but at that moment there came up a man who, like himself, appeared to belong to the laboring class, and who slapped him on the shoulder, saying:

"Halloo, François, what do you think of this weather? Pretty sharp, eh! Come along, I'll pay for a drop or two."

The downcast laborer shook off the hand of his friend and did not reply. The other looked into his eyes and saw how wild they were.

"François," he cried, "what's the matter with you, my friend?"

The answer was delayed a while longer, and the young women had a chance to draw a little closer in order to hear what the unfortunate man might say.

At last in a dull voice, broken by long sighs and betraying the greatest emotion, he answered:

"Gregory, you said something about taking a drop or two; I would like better to lie down here and die than to drink a glass of Holland. If you only knew my distress!"

These words were spoken in so sorrowful a tone that Gregory felt the keenest emotion, and changing his tone immediately he spoke with the utmost seriousness. He seized his comrade's hand and said almost with tears in his eyes:

"François, my friend, what is it? You talk about dying. Is Thérèse dead?"

"No! no! but I am going to tell you all, because you are our friend. I think you know, Gregory, that I have never been too lazy to earn my bread, and, thank God, till now I have never failed to earn it. But I am done, now. My Thérèse, the poor, dear woman has not had a mouthful to eat for two days; our little Jean is tortured with hunger, and poor little Mariette is dead perhaps by this time. The breasts of her mother are dry from cold and starvation. Do you not see what I mean when I say that I am ready to kill myself? Could you go and beg Gregory?"

"Beg! no! I have hands on the ends of these arms yet!"

"And so have I; but it has come to such a pass with us that we have sold or pawned all

that we have except this mussel-boat that you see there. We economized and ate bitter bread to buy it. But, since it is God's will, it must be thus, only I wish the auctioneer would come this way soon, so that I could carry some bread to my wife and children."

"There he comes—tell me, Francois, do you live yet in the Rue de la Boutique?"

"Yea."

At this instant the auctioneer installed himself with his stool just where the poor laborer stood, and commenced shouting at the top of his voice:

"Purchasers, this way! Purchasers for a mussel-boat, this way!"

A smile crossed the laborer's face. The two young women were whispering together of something that seemed to please them greatly.

The auctioneer began: "Shall I have a bid of thirty francs on this mussel-boat? Twenty-five, then? It is as good as new and going at a sacrifice. Will somebody start it at twenty francs?"

One of the young ladies nodded her head and the auctioneer proceeded:

"Twenty francs offered; twenty francs! Any one bid higher?"

Some spectators bid higher in their turn, but the young lady each time bid above them, the auctioneer turning quickly from one to another in order to catch their signals.

"Twenty-one francs!"

"Twenty-two francs!"

"Twenty-three!"

"Twenty-four!"

"Twenty-five!"

"Twenty-seven francs! twenty-seven! Any body? Any body? Does any body bid? Gone! A good bargain, madam."

Anna said something to the auctioneer's servant, and he shouted out at the top of his voice:

"The purchaser pays the cash!"

The laborer was already in the auctioneer's office. He was just about to run home with the money, upon which he was laying his hands, not without giving a last sad look at the mussel-boat, when he was addressed by one of the young women:

"Would you like to earn something, my good man?"

"What is it? at your service, madam."

"We want you to take home this mussel-boat for us."

"I am sorry, madam, that I can not, but I have a pressing engagement."

Anna, who was full of pity, and who knew the poor better than her friend, said hastily to the man, who was on the point of leaving:

"We want it to go to the Rue de la Boutique."

"Then I am at your service," he answered,

"for I go there myself."

He seized the cart, disengaged it from the midst of the articles that were scattered about over the ground, and followed the two ladies who walked at a moderately quick pace. He felt bitterly chagrined at having to draw for others the cart that had been his own; but the certainty that, thanks to the money it brought, he should be able to dry his good wife's tears, was a sweet consolation. He felt very impatient when they ordered him to stop at a store. But he was soon on his way again, for they had hardly entered the shop before there were thrown on the cart a sack of potatoes, two or three large loaves, some wood, and, what Anna put on carefully with her own hands, a stone jar.

Arrived in the Rue de la Boutique, the laborer asked where they wanted the mussel-boat.

"Go on," said Anna, "it is further on."

In spite of these directions he stopped before a humble house that Anna recognized as the one she had been on the point of entering herself that morning. The man took off his hat and said:

"Ladies, let me go in here one moment if you please."

The permission given, he pushed open the door and went in, followed by the ladies, who went with him into the room.

Anna and her friend shuddered with horror. It was a melancholy sight that met their gaze. The young woman seated near the bed was stretched inanimate on the stone, her cheeks pallid, her eyes closed, her head fallen upon the side of the bed, insensible as a corpse. At the very moment when the ladies entered with the father, the little boy seized his mother's strengthless arm and cried:

"Dear mamma, I'm hungry; a little piece of bread, do give it to me!"

The husband, without noticing the presence of the two friends, rushed toward his wife, called her in tones of despair, tearing his hair and uttering the most broken words.

"Thérèse!" he cried, "O, my dear Thérèse! Unhappy woman! Oh my God, is it possible! Dead—dead from hunger and cold! Have we deserved this?"

Suddenly he seized a knife that lay on the table; but Anna, who had seen the motion, uttered a sharp cry and rushed on him, wrenching the knife from his grasp.

"Your wife is not dead!" she cried. "Take this! run quickly and get some wine."

She handed him a piece of money and pointed to the door. He bounded out of the room and went off like an arrow.

Anna raised the poor mother in her arms. Her satin cloak and velvet bonnet were rumpled by contact with the wretched clothes of the unfortunate one. But this seemed pleasant to her. She lavished on Thérèse the attention she would have shown a sister. In fact, out of her heart full of pity, she looked on the suffering woman as her sister, according to the commandment of the divine Savior. She drew from her pocket an orange and expressed the juice upon the lips of the sufferer. She uttered an exclamation of joy when the eyes of the poor woman opened.

During this time Adèle had not confined herself to the contemplation of this scene of famine and misery. As soon as she heard the entreaty of the little boy, she had run to the "mussel-boat" and brought in the stone jar and some bread, at the same time telling the boy to throw some wood on the fire. From the moment that Jean caught sight of the bread his eyes never left it, and he repeated his request for a slice. Adèle, who that very morning felt such a horror of the poor, was so moved at the sight of so much misery that she took the knife herself and placed the loaf against her bosom, to the prejudice of her elegant toilet, in order to cut off the slice that the child desired so ardently.

"Take it, my child," she said, "eat all you want. You shall not be hungry any more."

The child seized the bread with joy, kissed her hands in token of his gratitude, and then gave her such a look that she turned away to hide the tears she could not repress.

At the same time the mother opened her eyes and fixed them with an expression of satisfaction on the child who was engaged in assuaging his hunger. Perhaps she was about to thank her benefactress, but the return of her husband prevented it. He, seeing before his eyes his wife returned to life, set the bottle down precipitately on the table and rushed to her, seized her in his arms, and embraced her wildly again and again, repeating all the while such broken expressions as these:

"Dear Thérèse, you are alive again! My darling wife, I have the money for the mussel-boat. We have something to eat now. I am happier in my misfortunes than the angels. It is true, my dear Thérèse, I thought I should never see you again in this world."

Anna approached with a cup of wine and held it to the lips of the feeble woman. While she drank it the husband looked up in wonder

at Anna and her friend. The latter was near the fire with Jean, holding out the little fellow's hands and saying:

"Warm your hands well, my little man, and eat up that slice quickly; I am going to give you another when that is gone."

The laborer seemed to have just come out of a dream. One would have said that he had but just discovered the presence of the two friends.

"Ladies," said he, stammering, "pardon me that I have not thanked you before for the help you have given to my poor wife. You are very kind to enter our miserable lodging, and I thank you a thousand times."

"Good people," answered Anna, "we know what you have suffered from hunger and cold, and how much you had shuddered at the thought of being obliged to beg your bread because, as honest working-people, you prefer to earn a livelihood by the sweat of your brows. Such sentiments deserve reward. You shall not endure privation any longer."

She placed a handful of money on the table and continued: "Here is money; at your door there are potatoes, wood, and bread; all this belongs to you. As for the mussel-boat, it was not sold; use it to earn your daily bread; continue to live honestly; do not beg; but if hunger and cold should overtake you, here is my card. You will find here my name and residence; I will always be your friend."

While Anna was speaking not a sigh could be heard, so great was the silence that reigned; but a flood of tears overflowed the eyes of the laborer and his wife. The former could not speak, but he looked from one of the young ladies to the other with an expression of astonishment as if he did not credit what he heard. When Anna had finished speaking the mother slipped from the stone to the ground, and crawling upon her knees weeping, she took Anna's hand within her own, and, bathing it with tears, she said:

"O, my dear ladies, God shall reward you for having come to us as guardian angels, and for having saved me from death."

"Are you content now, mother?" asked Anna.

"Yes, yes, my good lady, we are very happy now; see our little Jean dancing by the fire; poor little fellow! and if this innocent lamb who is dying could speak, she also would thank and bless you, madam."

At these words Anna ran to the bed of the sick infant, and concluding that want had also brought this one so near the tomb, she gave Adèle a signal for departure. The latter, who

enjoyed the little boy's pleasure, took him up in her arms, kissed his cheek, and rejoined her friend. Anna went to the door, and, as she was leaving, said:

"Be at ease, good people, in half an hour a physician will be by your child's bed, and I have no doubt, mother, but that you shall one day see her a woman grown."

A smile of genuine happiness lit up the faces of the laborer and his wife. Both ran to the door, and a thousand benedictions and a thousand expressions of gratitude burst from their lips as the two benevolent friends disappeared from their sight.

Neither Anna nor Adèle said a word till they reached the cattle market; their hearts were too full, their souls too much moved for utterance.

"Well," said Anna at last, "tell me, Adèle, do you find poor people as dirty and disgusting as most people think?"

"O, no! I am only too glad I met you. I feel a certain holy exaltation of spirit, an emotion that I never knew before. I have no horror of the poor any more. Did not you see me take that little boy upon my knees and embrace him? What a charming, gentle little fellow he is! I love him already."

"Poor little Jean!" said Anna, "he wept when he saw us leave. Tell me, my dear, is there any greater happiness on earth than ours? These worthy people are dying of hunger; they raise their hands to heaven and ask aid of the Lord. We have come to them as the messengers of Divine Mercy; they have kneeled down to us as to angels who came to tell them that their prayers were answered, and they have thanked and blessed God in us."

"Do not say any more," said Adèle, all broken up with emotion; "I understand you. Hereafter I am going out with you every day to visit the poor and share your good enterprises. For to-day only I know a heavenly joy—a sort of beatitude on earth. Unhappy are the rich who know nothing of the joy of beneficence."

At this moment they turned the corner of the street, and were lost to view behind the angle of the houses.

I CAN not but take notice of the wonderful love of God to mankind, who, in order to encourage obedience to his laws, has annexed a present as well as a future reward to a good life; and has so interwoven our duty and happiness together, that, while we are discharging our obligations to the one, we are, at the same time, making the best provision for the other.

#### OUT OF DESPONDENCY.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

PEACE cometh to my soul again  
Like Summer dews to earth,  
And on the parched and dusty plain  
Hope gives new blossoms birth.  
The day is near, and, hark!  
Above life's toil and fret  
There is a singing lark,  
And thou shalt hear it yet.  
I bid the caverned lake adieu,  
And from its midnight shore  
To sunny isles in waters blue  
I steer my boat once more.  
Cheer up! I leave the dark  
Where suns nor rise nor set,  
And thou shalt see my bark  
In pleasant sailing yet.

Few pleasures in the world around  
Doth dreaming poet find;  
The heroes he hath laurel-crowned  
Are beings of the mind.  
The earth looks grim and dark  
To eyes with tear-drops wet,  
But thou shalt see my mark  
In lines of sunshine yet.

Yes, friend, there is a joy within,  
Pure, beautiful, and bright:  
A power that can its pathway win  
Through suffering into light;  
A voice that whispers—hark,  
'Mid worldly toil and fret  
Thy soul the saving ark  
Shall reach in safety yet.

#### "LIKE AS A FATHER."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

O, young heart touched with sudden grief,  
And 'wildered with strange fears,  
I watch thy spirit looking forth  
Thro' mist of gathered tears,  
Nor fold thee in love's gentle clasp,  
Nor speak the soothing word;  
For lo, with a sweet opening thought  
Mine inmost soul is stirred.

I feel it leaf by leaf unfold,  
In silence pure and deep;  
Like dew unto the lilies, are  
The tears thy young eyes weep.

I list, the dropping of those tears  
Tell every pulse's thro';  
O soul, O mourning soul, I cry,  
"The Father counteth so."

Thine every grief. O chords of love,  
E'en our infirmities  
Reach up and sweep with trembling hand  
And faltering touch o'er these!

## PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

BY REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

WHAT emotions must have stirred the heart of the apostle, as from Mars' Hill he proclaimed the Gospel to the assembled Athenians! Beneath and around him lay the beautiful city. There was the public square where the idle multitude gathered, "either to tell or to hear some new thing." Near by was the garden where the pleasure-loving followers of Epicurus spent the long hours of the Summier days. Not far off was the very spot where Demosthenes wielded words that struck deeper than the spears of his foes, while along those streets once walked Socrates, discoursing of those great truths which, to his unaided vision, were but dimly shadowed forth. Right before him, on the Acropolis, rose in massive strength and beauty the Temple of Minerva, adorned with the sculptures of Phidias. It seemed as though the art of man had done its utmost to make that city illustrious throughout the world. But this alone did not make it famous. Other cities had temples and statues, others were more populous and had thrice the commerce of the capital of Greece. Yet Athens was the most glorious of them all. More than any other city, it could point to the songs of its poets, the reasoning of its philosophers, and the struggles of those heroes who gladly laid down their lives to preserve the honor of the Republic. These were the things which made it honored then, which make it honored now. For it is not mere numbers, nor ships, nor stores, nor heaps of glittering gold, but the living thoughts and deeds of living men which make the smallest city great, and give it a firm hold on the affections of the present and the future.

But Mars' Hill itself was famed in the annals of Greece. The ground was made sacred by the poet and the legend-teller. Here the legendary trial of Mars was held. Here, under the open sky, the council of Areopagus held its sessions. Here matters of religion were discussed, and the religious awe of the people was centered. And here, scarcely disturbed by the ceaseless murmur of the city in the plain below, was the place where the Gospel was first sounded in the ears of an Athenian multitude.

Who was the unknown preacher? Saul of Tarsus. Born a Jew, and therefore despised by the polished Greek; uncomely in mien, and therefore ridiculed; preaching the religion of the crucified Nazarene, and therefore an object of contempt rather than of persecution. Here was a man from Palestine, in the capital of the

ripest civilization, with but one object in view, and that to all human appearance a visionary one—to plant the standard of the Cross amid the strongholds of heathen idolatry, to turn the soul from the worship of the splendid works of man's genius, to the worship of Him who was the "unknown God."

What is it, then, that has made the name of Paul so memorable? In Athens better scholars were found—men who had sounded more thoroughly the depths of human wisdom. There were those whose words and deeds seemed to excel those of that unknown Jew. Yet many of those are forgotten, while Paul still lives in the grateful hearts of the Christian world. And the reason is obvious. It was because he was the earnest and uncompromising advocate of "Jesus and the resurrection," of that truth which alone brings life and joy to the soul. This was the weapon of his power, and by this he conquered. It was this truth which, from the hour of his conversion, shaped his career; leading him through trials on sea and land, and through the fires of persecution kindled by false friends and bitter foes, till a martyr's death sealed his labors, and a martyr's crown rewarded them.

As he gazed upon the city he saw with sadness the signs of heathen worship. Idolatrous temples of matchless beauty were at every turn. Beneath the plane trees, along the banks of the stream, near the grove and before the various gate-ways were statues of Hercules, of Bacchus, and of all the other divinities which the quick intellect of the Greek could invent. Processions in honor of the false gods passed through the streets, while the songs of many white-robed priests, performing their services, filled the air. Rites devised by vice and superstition, and accompanied by the wildest excesses, were oft repeated. The whole city was given to idolatry; and though without all seemed prosperous, yet moral decay was at the heart of this splendid civilization, like rottenness at the core of the fairest fruit.

When Paul saw these things "his spirit was stirred within him." And observe the practical nature of the man. He began at once to proclaim the truth. Energy, courage, bold and decisive action were needed to advance the religion of Christ in the face of a persecuting world. It required then, as now, a man who held the truth so dear as to be really in earnest when he proclaimed it—a man whose will was so strong that persecution could neither bend nor break it. Above all, it needed one who would follow prayer with works. Prayer and works should ever go together—let no man

divorce them. God gives the Spring rains and the Summer sunshine, but never yet were fields plowed, or weeds dug up, or good seed sown, or golden harvests reaped, without the strong arm of labor. No prayers of Pharisees who go through life with folded arms evangelize the world, or long since the glories of millennium would have dawned upon us. But men like Paul, who work in their prayers, and pray in their work, are those who will enter heaven with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

What were the means the apostle used? They were not carnal but spiritual. A fanatic would have gathered a chosen band and destroyed the temples, the idols, and his own cause. He would have cast aside prudence and expediency, and rushed to certain death without advancing the truth. He would have been the noisy advocate of some scheme to uproot all evil in Church and State in a single day, and force men to goodness by some outward pressure. Not such is the course of true wisdom; not such the course the apostle pursued. He pulled down no idol, but sought to change the idolatrous soul. He overthrew no peculiar institution. He accepted society as it was, and sought to make the individuals in it better. The reformation he aimed at, was that which worked from the inner to the outer, from the soul to the life, from the individual to the community in which he dwelt.

How did he strive to do this? By preaching the Word with that sublime faith in its power which never for a single moment wavered. Preaching is the characteristic of true religion. Others have their splendid temples, their multitude of priests, their sacred books and smoking altars, but the Christian religion alone exalts preaching to the dignity of an act of worship. Others appeal to the civil power and make their arguments irresistible by fire and sword; but ours, when true to the teachings of the Bible, advances its standard by the prayerful preaching of the Gospel, and rejoices to find that standard victorious.

Strangely that truth must have sounded to that heathen audience. Some mocked when they heard of the resurrection—that doctrine most cheering to the soul that is in the gloom of uncertainty, was treated by them with contempt. Others in the foolishness of pride turned from it. Yet we are told that the truth was not without some effect. There were those in ancient times who turned away in sorrow and disgust from heathen iniquities, and who longed for clearer light and purer knowledge. Many a soul longed for a religion which would unfold the pitying love of God and the life beyond the

grave; which would go with them across the dark waters of a rough and troubled life, and gently whisper, "Peace, be still." To such earnest seekers how full was that Gospel message of hope and joy!

#### HOME TALKS AND ESSAYS.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

NUMBER V.

#### HOW THE HOME WAS MADE.

Go to that poor, scared orphan—the hard glitter of the world's selfish eye cowering his soul, the shiver of its coldness curdling his blood, the gripe of its horny hand making his heart ache. Ask him what word embodies his one agonized wish. I think he will sob out, "A home!" Go to the man who married a pretty face or a few thousands of money—that is his mansion over yonder on the grand avenue. He has to eat and lodge under the same roof with a silly, peevish, exacting woman, and a half dozen ungoverned, ungovernable, quarreling, little, worldly people, promising a rare crop of ill deeds and disgraces by and by. Ask him, when his brain is outworn with the tramp, tramp, year in, year out, of dividends, loss and gain, cent per cent., and his heart is empty, alone, tired, tormented, what is his idea of the best this world can give. If he answer honestly, he will groan, "A home!" What is better than a home—be it in hut or palace, a place where hearts blend, and rest, and grow; where sorrows are less, and joys more, for the sharing? What legacy might a man better leave his children than the culture, development, and memories, to be had no where in this desert of a world but in a Christian home?

Homes and trees are made by about the same process. First, in a mind, a plan; then, year by year, sunshine and frost, dew and storm; gentle, unseen forces, working on by sunlight and starlight, and stout, rough powers, shaking and bending, and wrenching, but only sending the roots deeper into the soil.

If you, my friend, have chosen to spend your years cultivating marigolds and poppies, thistles and bramble-bushes, you need not start up, now that you are tired with the silly things, and your hands hurt with the merciless briars, and try to shelter the living place of your old age with wide-armed oaks and stately pines. It is quite too late, you have thrown away the time God gave you for this. If you have given your life to money-making and place-hunting, now that you are old and tired, alone and

misunderstood, it will do you no good to envy the man who chose a lowlier, less trodden path, and is resting now, where love is the atmosphere, trust the spring of refreshing, and religion the sunlight. As you have sown so must you reap. There is no use telling you how a home is made. It will only bring up the mistakes of the past. But there are those who have life before them, who hold its web yet in their hands unworn. God help them!

Mr. and Mrs. Morland were married young; she twenty, he twenty-six. Their "falling in love" was in about the earnest passionate style to be expected of a pair of sound, sensible young people, whose life had been drill and discipline—not flirtation and folly, and so, without those simoom experiences ycleped "disappointments," so much in vogue among young Americans nowadays.

"This is a curious business, Sarah," said Mr. Morland, in his matter-of-fact way, after they had come to an understanding. "There are a great many more miserable marriages than happy ones."

"I believe it, George."

"Now, I'd rather die than be tied to a person I could n't love a lifetime."

"So would I."

"I think the trouble is, generally, passion turns common-sense and religion out of doors, and manages this matter, that, of all others, ought to be gone into with the eyes open, as there's no getting out of it. Passion can't stand the wear and tear of a life. Now, Sarah, I propose that we turn aside from the stereotyped modes of love-making. I believe we have both all the orthodox signs of a genuine 'attachment,' and feel quite sure, just at present, that there is but *one* in the wide world for either of us; but where nine out of ten, relying on these same signs, make a miserable mistake that torments them the rest of their lives, we had better be cautious."

"I agree with you, George."

"We've known and liked each other in a general way for some time—know as much about each other's family relations as outsiders can, very well. Now, I believe in your Church they have a six months' probation to study each other in, that is, the Church and the candidate. My proposal is that we keep all this to ourselves, and for the next six months, as coolly and dispassionately as we can, study two books—yourself and myself. To avoid gossip, I'll not devote myself to you particularly. I'll have no set times to visit you, when you shall be prinked up to receive me, in my best suit and Sunday manners. I'll drop in, now

and then, at any hour, just as it happens. You and sister Sue are good friends. You can use your chances and your woman's eyes to find out what sort of son and brother I am—what my home life is—that's what most concerns us both. After that, if we think we can live happily together a lifetime well and good, if not, we'll drop the subject. We'll pray for direction in this matter. We both believe that if we 'commit our ways to the Lord he will direct our paths.'

Something of a shivering of the air castles an imaginative girl usually builds for herself by the help of poets and fictionists. A courtship, minus much of the moonlight and love talk that the wife of a year laughs at, and the husband calls "bosh," twisting his lip and burying himself in the "Daily." Prosy and common-sense enough, to be sure, but *they never quarreled or repented*. "Of your model people—these Morlands!—never made mistakes as other folks do—book people—unmitigated perfection!" By no means, my friend. Being human, they made numberless blunders, but I am not going to recount them. I intend to skip along over the years, and note their successes in making a home, leaving you to fill in a due amount of mishaps, temptations, failures, and repentances. I think they relied upon God for guidance more than most Christians, so they were led around many a gin and pitfall where more careless feet stumble.

"What shall we do, Sarah?"—this was shortly after their marriage. "I have a thousand dollars to start with. Wallace wants me to put it into his grocery store over there in Penwood. He'll give me a first-rate chance; the money will probably double in a short time. How does it strike you?"

"Why, George, we do n't care about making money—getting rich, do we? I'd rather we'd make a home than a fortune."

After plenty of talk and no little prayer, the thousand dollars were invested in the farm afterward christened Lakeside.

"What a dunce George is!" cried half his friends in self-complacent disgust. "Such a chance as his brother offered him; he might just as well be worth forty or fifty thousand in thirty years, as to turn his hand over. And then, a fellow of his talent and education to bury himself out there on that farm, when he might just as well have any office in the country."

The thirty years have passed. Nine out of ten of those sanguine, young business men have made shipwreck of their fine prospects. After bobbing about upon the wearing surf-waves of

speculation, here and there, up and down, in and out, they are no nearer the fortune, though infinitely more bruised and battered. George Morland has been three terms in the State Legislature and one in Congress; and a happier or more beautiful home than Lakeside can not be found if you search the country through.

But how was the home made? Yes, that is what I am going to tell you. As I intimated, like a tree—first, a plan. It did not happen to grow so beautiful and symmetrical. Every time a new charm was added, there was a necessity of a choice. Sometimes there was a mistake, oftener discussion, prayer, and right decision. Oftenest, the election lay between money-making and home-making—style and home comfort. I wonder if it is n't so in most families. Money and style usually carry the day, though, I'm afraid.

"Sister Sue," a pert little embodiment of worldly wisdom, lived with them the first few years, till a matrimonial arrangement enabled her to set up an establishment of her own.

"Why, George, what made you buy this place? Wallace says every body says that common over on the flat would have been cheaper for double the money. Wal says it's just a rich loam. You could raise more grain, two to one, than on this—and such a splendid place for keeping cattle!"

"But, Sue," threw in Mrs. Sarah, with some spirit, "this place is splendid for keeping something better than cattle. I don't believe there's another farm in the country with so much natural beauty. Those old firs and pines back on the hill-side, and the creek tumbling over the rocks and running through the meadow, and then the bits of water view from the windows, and—"

"O, Sarah, you're so romantic. These things 'll never get bread and cheese for your children."

"I mean to teach my children that there's something better in the world than bread and cheese, which, if they get, they can afford to put up with short rations sometimes, if necessary."

Religion was the corner-stone of this home. That was part of the plan. Sabbaths were days of holy rest and culture. A dilemma presented itself. Mrs. and Mr. Morland were members of different Churches—their places of worship in the embryo village, two miles away.

"What are you going to do about it, Sarah? You and George always going to separate Churches?"

"I do n't know, Sue," with a little sigh. "I'm sure of one thing, though, if we commit the matter to God he'll direct us aright."

"O, yes, of course; but then, I don't just see how you'll arrange it. You think so much of your class meetings and love-feasts, and our folks are all so set in their belief. I don't believe you can turn George from his Church."

"I do n't want to turn him," a little piqued in tone. "It's rather my opinion George Morland has a mind of his own about such things."

Persistent Miss Sue rallied in a moment. "Yes, to be sure. I suppose you've fixed it up between you some way, but I'd just like to know how."

"Well, Sue, you know the difference between our Churches is a matter of educational prejudice, and not of essential principle. There's no use arguing a point of prejudice, so we're not going to have a word of discussion about this. We've agreed to attend each Church every other Sabbath, and study thoroughly the polity and usages of each, and at the end of six months one of us will go over to the other."

"I'll put George up to stick to his Church, any way," quoth little Sue, *in petto*.

The last probationary Sabbath evening, Mrs. Morland stood upon the porch looking off over the moonlit slopes to where the village lights twinkled dimly in the distance. She was thinking of her little church, so dear in its unpretentious simplicity. She had made up her mind to leave it—to go with her husband. She had had a sore, sharp conflict with preference, and prejudice, and Church selfishness, but bigotry was beaten, Christ had triumphed. And yet it seemed hard to seek a home in another fold. No, not another after all. One fold, one shepherd. But Christians in those days were childish about the *meum et tuum* of Church order. People who were as little alike as possible, in the outer of their religion, each believed most stoutly that the Master would be infinitely pleased to have all the rest do just as he was doing. Sometimes they would "make faces" and throw dirt at each other. Poor, silly children! But the good, patient Christ watched over them all pityingly, for all their foolish, naughty ways. He knew they'd know better by and by. Mrs. Morland shed a good-by tear for her little church, and going to the other end of the porch where her husband was sitting upon a rustic lounge, she seated herself beside him, slipping her hand into his. You see they did not surfeit on moonlight and sentiment before marriage, so they had a relish for them after, and have yet, for that matter.

"I've made up my mind about the Church, George."

"Ah, yes! So have I, Sarah."

"It comes a little hard to leave the people

I've thought so much of so many years, but I'm willing to do it."

"Indeed, Sarah! Well, I have the start of you there. I asked for my certificate of membership a week ago. The clerk handed it to me to-day."

"O, George!"

No matter now just what was done next.

That was thirty years ago, you must bear in mind. There's a beautiful little church among the trees, close by Lakeside, now—yes, and a neat, pretty parsonage. Mr. Morland's religious life, cast in the old, iron, Puritanic mold, with a touch of the New England granite wrought into it, was finely supplemented by the activities of his wife's warm, vital faith. To be sure there were disciplinary strokes, necessary and grievous. The first little feet whose merry patter tinkled through the rooms grew suddenly still, leaving behind a

"Silence, 'gainst which they dared not cry,  
That ached around them like a strong disease and  
new."

Then there were heart searchings and struggles with self and sin, and, as the years went on, the development of symmetrical Christian characters.

"Seems to me," said bustling little sister Sue, "you waste a great deal of time here. You make so much of family devotions, George. Now, prayers are good, of course, but this idea of all reading, hired men and all, and then singing two or three verses with the melodeon, it takes too much time. I don't see any use in it. Now, at Wallace's"—

"I think, however," was the quiet reply, "as long as God sets the seal of his approbation upon our course, by giving us the conversion of our hired men and girls, we shall persevere in it. You'll find in the long run, Sue, it's poor economy to scant religious time for the sake of temporal things."

Culture was the prime thought of the Morland home; first religious, then mental.

"Why, Sarah, you going to wear your old straw again this Summer, and that silk shawl! I'll give George a scolding. You ought to dress better, both of you. Now, Wallace and his wife"—

"We know what we can afford, Sue. We must have at least fifty dollars' worth of books this Summer. They'll do us and the children permanent good, you know. But the thought of having looked a shade and a half more fashionable than our neighbors will be a poor solace for an empty brain."

There were numberless little confabulations upon all these matters, between the Morlands

and their worldly-wise friends. Sometimes the balance wavered somewhat, but a salutary touch of prayer generally settled it in the right direction.

"If you get your election this Fall, George, you certainly won't think of teaming about in that old 'democrat' any longer."

"I expect, Wallace, the 'democrat' 'll have to do awhile yet. You see our girls are getting along pretty well with their music, and their mother thinks they need a piano. We want music every day at home, more than a fine carriage for an occasional drive."

"Umph!" shrugged Wallace, "a member of the Legislature driving about in that old go-cart! You would n't catch me," etc.

"Rather crowded, are n't you, Sarah?" Busy, calculating Mrs. Sue had sailed down to Lakeside, in silks and splendor, for her annual visit.

"O, I do n't know. We have room enough for the present, I think."

"But you've no parlors. What do you do with company?"

"O, we do well enough. People who would be attracted by elegant parlors do n't care to spend much time with us; and, to be plain, Sue, we are quite satisfied that they should n't. Our friends seem to enjoy this sitting-room very well. I presume we shall build one when the children get older, but we can't afford it now."

"Can't afford it!" echoed Mrs. Sue, glancing at the books behind the glass doors, covering nearly one side of the room, the first-class piano on the other, and the conservatory in the rear. Her energetic little eyes pounced upon a painting she had not noticed before. "Another new picture, Sarah? Where did you get that?"

"George bought it in Washington."

"Quite nice. Did it cost much?"

"Not so very much for such a gem, only two hundred, I believe."

Mrs. Sue's needle whizzed indignantly through her cambric for a few minutes. At last her meditations burst forth. "Well, Sarah, if you and George do n't beat all! Can't afford parlors, but you do n't think any thing of paying out two hundred dollars for a picture!"

Mrs. Morland was just launching into a spirited defense, intending to hinge it upon the effect of beautiful things upon children, all of which would have been lost upon wise Mrs. Sue—for what was finer in her eyes than ample parlors, all radiant and stylish in brand-new upholstery, brussels and gilding? Mr. Morland opened the door. "Sarah, can you come and show me a little about your grotto? I can't

quite make out from the drawing how you want the vines planted. You'll come too, won't you, Sue?"

"Grotto! Nonsense!" mentally demurred skeptical Mrs. Sue. "Another of their moonshiny notions, I'll warrant."

"You have n't looked around any since you came, have you, Sue?"

"No, George. Why, how every thing has improved! I have n't been here for two Summers, you know. Wonderful! A fountain, really! Why, George! Why, this must have cost enormously. Spencer laid out two or three hundred on our grounds last Summer, and they do n't begin to compare with yours."

Mr. Morland glanced in an amused way into his wife's eyes. "The statuettes were the only noticeable expense, were n't they, Sarah? Rosenstein, a German we've had for two or three years, has worked in stone a good deal. He cut the stone work rainy days."

"You ought to have been here, Sue, when George and his German finished the fountain. Such a time as the children had studying hydraulics."

"It is splendid, any way." Mrs. Sue's adjective probably belonged to the fountain, its shells, water plants, and glistening fishes; though I'm not certain, for a face, not particularly plain, flanked by a pair of decidedly-stylish wavy puffs, with just the daintiest foil of ribbons and lace, came to view as she bent over the water.

"You must have a wonderful gardener, George. We can't get any such in the city, for any money," glancing at the marvels of walks, and mounds, and fancifully cut shrubbery.

"It's the children's work, Sue, the most of it."

"Our children are pretty good botanists for their age," said Mrs. Morland. "We have taken considerable pains to interest them in natural history. I must show you their specimens in their library, as they call it, up stairs—their birds and insects, too." At this Mrs. Sue made great eyes, as the Germans say.

"You do n't pretend to say your children have done all these wonderful things!"

"Yes, I do. Of course we work with them, now and then, and plan for them. We have our books on gardening and floriculture, you know." Mrs. Sue winced a trifle at this "you know." It pointed in the direction of some of her pooh-poohings. She was good at a turn, however.

"But, Sarah, do n't the children go to school? How do they get time for this?"

Mr. Morland "took the word" in reply with some zest. His sister's modes with her children had always thorned him.

"You see we have our children in bed by nine o'clock—no evening parties, or balls, or late suppers, or any of your murderous nonsense—then they are ready to get up in the morning, fresh and bright, and are worth something."

"O, dear!" sighed Mrs. Sue, with a deprecating gesture, "George, you're forever sermonizing; you give me the blues."

Mrs. Morland led the way down a winding path, among clumps of evergreens, and all sorts of wildwood trees, arranged according to nature's most approved plan.

"About this grotto, Sarah, I can't imagine how you're going to get it up. You've no great rocks here, unless you've made some," half laughing. Her respect for the Morland capabilities was evidently rising.

"Don't you remember, Sue, those old boulders just back of what was the kitchen garden when we came here? We've always wanted to do something to get them out of the way, but never could contrive any thing till a few weeks ago, Mary caught this idea from a poem she was reading. A few hours' work of the men and oxen brought them into shape, and we think by next Summer it'll be the prettiest spot on the premises. The children are full of plans about the vines, and shells, and mosses, and a rustic bridge. They intend to make an island of it, by digging a channel for the creek on each side. There, you see the waterfall is just back of it."

The presence of healthful, happy children was reckoned a crowning blessing in the Morland home. Not that they *happened* to be so good, and truthful, and kind, any more than the home *happened* to be so beautiful. In their babyhood they were not looked upon as toys to play with, and pet, and spoil, till they should outgrow their amusing ways; and then to coax and whip, cajole and threaten into presentably decent behavior, till they were "settled" off the parents' hands. No, they were Christ's "little ones," left in the home a few years to be trained to do good and be happy, here and hereafter, now and forever. So every thing that would make them better in body or soul was put upon the programme, and every thing that would hurt them was denied. Of course there were sulks and storms, temptations and mistakes—as this was not paradise, only a human home—but grace and common-sense usually triumphed, and now they are a family with each character built up about as the home

was—religion the corner-stone—charms of person, culture of mind, and the graces of the spirit, each block fitted and polished, and in its place.

## MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

I 'VE sometimes wondered, when my path has led  
My feet reluctant into stranger's halls,  
When, for a season, I have been deprived  
Of the endearments and delights of home;  
When a self-exile from the dear fireside,  
To duty sacrificing all its joys,  
I've dwelt 'mong strangers—strangers still, though kind  
Often, and pitying as friends could be—  
I've sometimes wondered if, of all earth's words,  
There were three sweeter, dearer to the heart,  
Than Mother, Home, and Heaven. I have thought  
That if my hand were better skilled to wield  
The artist's pencil than the poet's pen,  
'T would be my life task to produce a work  
That should make every heart grow soft with tears  
At thought of those three, simple, soulfull words.

"Mother!"—The utterance of that sweet word  
Turns back the wheels of Time, and I am left  
A helpless infant on my mother's breast.  
I see her smile of love, I feel the kiss  
That falls as gently as a breath of balm  
Upon my brow. Then, as in after time,  
I'm bowing at her knee, my lisping tongue  
Repeating the sweet prayer she taught me there.  
And then I listen to her kind reproof,  
Her words of counsel, and my heart is stirred  
With strange desires and longings to "be good."  
And now I'm roaming through the wild beech-woods,  
Chasing the merry squirrel to his nest;  
Mocking the glee of singing birds or bees,  
Swinging like a wild thing high in the 'air  
On some long grapevine, wading in the pond  
Where the tall sycamores reach out their arms,  
And clap their hands that play with my wild hair.  
I'm hunting buttercups amid the grass  
Of the broad meadow. I am flitting here  
And there in the wild, wondrous "sugar camp,"  
Dipping my sunbrowned face in every "trough"  
To test the sweetness of its liquid store.  
And then I'm going home—home to the rest,  
And peace, and quiet of the broad home hearth.  
I lay my head upon my mother's knee  
And tell her all the wondrous sights I've seen.  
And mother kisses me and gravely says  
That I'm "too wild romping for a girl."  
And this is home—for "home is where mother is"—  
And round me are the faces that I love.

"Home!"—The pure shrine where willing spirits bend  
And offer grateful incense; where the cares  
And trials and commotions of the world  
Should never come; the castle where a man  
May shut himself securely and defy  
The angry turmoils of the world without.  
Home is a refuge where the weary heart

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Turns with its burden; where the weary feet  
Turn from their wandering up and down the world;  
Where the wrecked hopes of ruined, wasted lives  
Are brought to be entombed from the world's gaze.  
How many a soldier in the prison cell,  
Or gloomy hospital, or battle din,  
When life was ebbing out and death was near,  
Has cried in vain, "O, that I might go home!"  
How many a sailor, wrecked upon the sea,  
Has turned his longing eye to the blue line  
That tells him home is near; and with the thought  
Of home to cheer, yet sadden him, gone down  
To find a watery grave beneath the deep!  
How many of earth's lost and fallen ones  
Have been reclaimed by thoughts and hopes of home!  
Home! It is where the heart is, and I've thought  
That this is why we are not to lay up  
Our treasures here on earth. Our Father knows  
That we are strangers here, earth not our home;  
And knowing that if we gather treasure here  
Our fallen hearts will seek no better home,  
He in his loving care hath made for us  
A mansion suited to our soul's great wants,  
And hath established it in heaven where we  
May store our treasures for eternal use.  
And here at last shall all our wanderings end  
At home in heaven. How do our bosoms burn  
With rapture in anticipation sweet,  
Of that blessed land, where toil, and grief, and pain,  
And sighing, shall no more annoy our hearts!  
O! there will be no tears, no weary feet,  
No crushed hearts wearing out with ceaseless pain,  
No long, slow, hopeless days and sleepless nights,  
No heavy burdens hid 'neath cloaks of mirth  
And thus made harder to be borne, no lives  
Wrecked, wasted, ruined, no cold curious eyes,  
Nor scornful smiles in that pure, sinless land.  
But there our Father wipes away all tears,  
And perfect bliss atones for all the woes  
And crosses that make earth a dreary place.

"Home is where mother is," but mother's hand  
Can not remove the burden from our hearts,  
Though by her tenderness she may allay  
The bitter pain and make it easier.  
And we may turn to home and mother when  
The world deals harshly by us, and may find  
A refuge from its turmoils for awhile.  
But mother dies, the roof-tree is torn down,  
And we are shelterless amid the wild.  
"Heaven is where God is," and we may go  
Weary and soiled, and travel worn and tired,  
And we may leave it all without the gate.  
And when we enter through the shining door  
Our Father will receive us, dry our tears,  
Clothe us and crown us, and one welcoming smile  
Will fill us with such perfect ecstasy  
That all that we have suffered and endured  
Will seem as trifles not to be compared  
To the exceeding glory of our great reward.

We sail the sea of life: a calm one finds,  
And one a tempest; and, the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

## THE STAR.

BY MRS. F. L. GRIFFITH.

"I THOUGHT I'd be home in time to make those pies, mamma, so just go sit down and rest yourself."

"Never mind, daughter, you are tired from your walk now, and you are hardly dressed for kitchen work."

"Not so tired as you, my dear mamma, and as to dress, that is not an insurmountable evil;" and the rosy-cheeked girl fastened a ribbon on the curls which perversely would fall over her eyes, and, tying a white apron around her slender waist, led her mother into the sitting-room, and, placing her in an easy chair, left her with the morning paper in her hand and a kiss on her cheek.

"Dear Minnie! what would I do without her?" said Mrs. Castleton to herself as she leaned back wearily and closed her eyes. "What sunlight will go from this home when she leaves it!"

In the mean time Minnie was rubbing the lard and flour between her chubby fingers, all unconscious she was doing any thing but her duty. The walk had brought a sparkle to her eye and an elasticity to her being. Nor had it been merely a pleasant ramble, as certain packages left shortly after at the door by the grocer's boy would fully attest.

"I thought I'd find you in here, and so came the back way." Maud Nettleby would have been considered a beauty as she stood there in the doorway, one tiny white hand held up to shade the face in its delicate whiteness from the sun, which persisted in looking right into the large blue eyes, and the other holding a photograph for Minnie's gaze, but provokingly allowing the fingers to stray over it so as to hide all but the mustached lip and bearded chin. A stranger looking at her thus for the first time would have said, "What a lovely countenance!" And yet as she uttered the words, "I thought I'd find you here," there was a hauteur in her manner, and a curl of the pretty lip, that was far from pleasant. Minnie did not seem to notice it, however, for she laughed lightly, as she said,

"You teasing girl, to hold the picture so when you know I can not get my hands out of this dough to take it from you. Never mind, I'll pay you for this by and by."

"I'll put it by for fear of contamination." Maud slid it into her pocket and stepped back with a mock expression of horror.

Minnie stamped her little foot playfully, and said, "Your Sir Knight would not be too eithe-

real to eat some of this same disgusting material an hour hence, I dare say, and even so radiant a creature as Maud will say, 'A small piece, sil' vous plait!'"

"That is very likely, but for all that I see no reason why you, with your intellectual tastes and brilliant talents, should spend your mornings concocting messes, delicious I acknowledge, but which any servant-girl might make quite palatable enough if she were well trained."

Minnie's lip trembled a little, for Maud's words brought before her the bright picture she had painted when a school-girl of an authoress's life and bonny hours for study, but it was only for a moment the brown eyes were misty.

"Maud, you know how I dislike this work, and how I love intellectual pursuits, but father was embarrassed in business, and when I heard mother and him planning how we could retrench, I just stepped into the kitchen and asked Mary if she could get another place easily. 'Sure an' are you in arrears,' said she, 'that's jist what I've been a wantin' to do, for Jemes an' me's been makin' up to git married.' This was an agreeable surprise to me, but mother looked troubled when I told her, for she said, 'It will be impossible to replace her,' at which I pretended to pout, for I thought I could do things as good as Mary could. They laughed at the idea of me turning girl, and, when they found I was in earnest, opposed it, but I coaxed them into it finally. Mary still does the washing, and comes other days when there is extra work on hand; she says, with some pride, 'Jemes won't hear to me goin' out savin' to come here.' That is the way we came to dismiss our girl, Maud; I will not say it is no sacrifice, for I have a real distaste for household duties; it seems so belittling to be thinking all the time what one shall eat and wear—to wash dishes and scour knives when one might be acquiring a new language or writing a book; but then I think the mind can create an enjoyment even in these things, and so instead of stooping I try to bring my work up to my level." Minnie was busy trimming the pies now, and Maud watched her in silence as with her thumb and finger she turned off the neat edges, and then disposed them in the hot oven, while her face grew crimson in the process.

"Make yourself comfortable, Maud, I'll be ready to sit down in a minute. I am going to have a coffee dinner to-day and so shall not cook much. Stay with me; you like coffee, I know."

Maud gave her hat a toss as the only answer, and Minnie washed her little hands, and taking

a basket said, "Come, Maud, and sit in the arbor while I shell these peas."

After a little silence Maud broke out, "Say, Minnie, it's ridiculous that you should be doing this work; if you were capable of nothing else it would be a different thing. There are plenty of women that know nothing else but mending and making, frying and scouring; but you, fitted to shine in any society and with an intellect that might dazzle the world, it is sacrilege for your talents to be thus desecrated."

Minnie's brows arched a little. "This employment is not so very pleasant, Maud, but circumstances make it necessary, and I am amply repaid for the sacrifice in knowing that by our home retrenchment father's affairs are coming out of their knotty state, and his face is less careworn than it was. He says he hopes soon to be able to have me relieved by a strong hand in the kitchen, and when our circumstances warrant it I shall gladly resign my part; for I agree with you that to those who care for nothing else, or have no intellectual tastes, ordinary domestic duties should, if possible, be resigned, while those who are fond of literature should be left undisturbed in mental pursuits. But till circumstances warrant it my duty is plainly here, and I hope never to turn aside from any duty, however distasteful. Still I have not given up study altogether, Maud."

"You must feel very much like poring over books, indeed, when you come out of that broiling kitchen!"

Minnie sighed a little. "It is true I am often very tired—too tired to study; then I do not force myself to it, because it would be a plain injustice to my physical nature, which would not long endure such pressure; but there are days when I am not overtasked, and then I can allow my mind the food it craves. You have ample time for study, Maud!"

Maud opened wide her blue eyes. "I do n't believe in bringing premature wrinkles upon my forehead," and she passed her hand laughingly over her fair brow. Minnie stopped her work and looked up seriously.

"But do n't something cry out within you for more? How can you let your mind lie dormant? You are naturally smart, Maud, and might become so cultivated if you only would." She rose and laid her hand on Maud's round white shoulder coaxingly. The dimpled shoulder moved restlessly.

"Indeed, I'd rather read an interesting story, which I will proceed to do while you get dinner." She drew a paper from her pocket and Minnie left her to its perusal.

In the afternoon, when the work was all done,

and mamma was taking her nap, and the children were at play, the two girls sat alone in the cozy sitting-room.

"Now, Maud, for the picture!" said Minnie, holding out her hand. It was placed in her fingers. She looked at it long and earnestly. "So this is Herbert Travers!"

"What do you think of it, Minnie?" There was more anxiety tremulous in the voice than Maud cared to have appear.

Minnie looked at it again thoughtfully. "Maud, I read intellect there; what a forehead!" She placed her fingers over it as if to measure its breadth. "I read also self-reliance, firmness, but a kindly glow looks out from the eye. I should say a noble, high-spirited man."

Maud's face flushed with pleasure. "He is as noble as he looks, and I am glad he is mine."

"So then you are betrothed, dear Maud," she wound her arm around her—"I am glad of it. O! Maud, be all to him that he will be to you."

"O! never fear, I'm just his ideal, he says."

"Pardon me, Maud, this Herbert is a man of taste and intellect."

"I could n't marry any other, I'm proud of him!"

"Will you not have to cultivate yours to keep pace with him? Otherwise, as he will be constantly improving there will come to be, by and by, a wide space between you, and neither will be able to enjoy the other's society."

"O, Minnie, do n't begin to preach or you'll drive me home! It is impossible but that I shall always enjoy being with Herbert, and I shall trust to my beauty and winning ways to make me pleasing to him, and I do n't mean to trouble myself about any thing else; no, not another word." She laid her finger upon Minnie's lips as she saw her about to reply, and so they were silent.

"Is my little girl here?" Mr. Nettleby looked in in the evening to take Maud home.

"Come in, papa, Minnie and I are not half done talking yet."

"Not done, and you've been here all day, puss!"

"Come in, Mr. Nettleby," said Minnie, advancing, "papa will be in directly."

He was not reluctant to join the interesting circle, and when an hour after he went home with Maud on his arm, he ventured to suggest, "Could n't you be a little more like Minnie?"

Maud fired. He imagined he saw the blue eyes flash in the darkness. "You think everybody better than I, papa."

"O! no, dear, I would n't exchange my little

girl for any in the world," said he soothingly. Maud was satisfied, but it was with difficulty Mr. Nettleby could repress a sigh as Minnie's bright form flitted before his vision—now setting the arm-chair for her father, now helping him on with his wrapper, now bringing his slippers, and a dozen little offices which properly belonged to him, but which she took on herself because "father is tired." Maud never thought of these little things; she was always ready to do what was asked her, but never thought of volunteering. How often did the father think how nice it would be if Maud would offer to cast up his accounts, and let him enjoy an evening of rest! How often would the mother have been relieved if Maud would take up the needle instead of the magazine! They were proud of their daughter, but at such times they would secretly wish she were "a little more like Minnie Castleton." The little ones, too, learned to save their "hard sums" till Minnie came over, instead of asking their sister. "Minnie always 'splains so nice, and don't get cross when we can't understand it," little Amy would say. And so Maud, instead of being the star of her home, which she might so easily have become, was only a little moon shining by the coaxing light of others; and when the sun of adulation in which she basked was withdrawn, shining not at all, how will it be in that other home to which she is going? We will see.

"Why, Minnie, are you out so early?"

"Early, it's ten o'clock, Maud!"

"So it is; it would be early to you, though, if you had as many children as I have. I can scarcely get turned around by that time."

"You have a great deal of care, I dare say," was the reply in a sympathetic tone. The two were wives and mothers now, but the old intimacy was maintained; and Minnie had walked as unceremoniously into Maud's sitting-room as in the days of their girlhood, and found her friend much as she would have found her then, with hair hastily tucked up and a wrapper carelessly thrown on without collar or cuffs.

"Don't I look hard?" said she laughing, "but one can't keep fixed up where there are children."

Minnie said nothing, but she thought of her own two little cherubs at home, and questioned whether even if they were six instead of two she would be found so carelessly attired. She turned the subject.

"I have come to spend the day with you. Mr. Winslow will not be home to dinner, so I thought I would run off."

The two friends sat down to an old-fashioned

talk, which both enjoyed, for they loved each other despite the dissimilarity of their tastes. When the dinner hour drew near Minnie offered to take the baby while Maud "fixed up" for her husband. The blue eyes, still beautifully lustrous, looked their astonishment.

"You don't suppose I would dress up for him!"

"For whom would you dress, then, if not for your husband?" half playfully, half in earnest.

"Why, for company; where would be the use in dressing up for one whom one sees every day?"

Mrs. Winslow looked very sober now, as she said, "Did n't you used to dress for him, Maud, before you were married, although he came every evening?"

"O! yes, I used to braid my hair, and wear flowers in it, and dress in blue, and pink, and white, and make him say I looked prettier in each successive dress."

"And is n't his admiration as dear to you now as then?"

"Of course," was the reply, a little impatiently, "but I have so much care, and so many children now, I have n't time for such foolishness."

Mrs. Winslow crossed the room, and folding her friend in her arms said, "Dear Maud, nothing is foolishness that will help you retain the love and respect of your husband. I rise half an hour earlier than I otherwise would need to in order to have time to curl my hair and present a fresh morning toilet to my husband at breakfast."

"I know you always look sweet in the morning in your white wrapper and curls, but then you have n't half the care that I have." There was a little indignation in Minnie's tone as she replied,

"I know, Maud, I have not so much care in one way, but I do a great many things which you do not."

"Pardon me, Minnie, I know you do, and I wonder how in the world you get it all accomplished. Mr. Travers thinks you are a perfect wonder, and says he wishes—well, he'd like me to study or read more—says he would keep me another girl if I would, but I never had any taste for such things."

Just then Mr. Travers entered, and so ended the conversation. Mrs. Winslow noticed that his wife was busy talking to the baby, and did n't look up for some time after he came in, and thought, "How different from the time of their courtship! How her eye sparkled then when he came! Does she love him less now?" As they sat down to dinner a flush of mortification rose to Mr. Travers's face.

"Our girl is very careless," he said apologetically to Mrs. Winslow, as he noticed the table-cloth which had evidently been used several times before. Then he made a faint attempt to laugh. "See, she piles all the things in the middle of the table, I suppose to make us exert ourselves to get them."

Minnie tried to join in the laugh, but she feared a storm, for she had seen Maud set the table herself, and it soon came. Mrs. Travers gave her husband a look any thing but loving. "Minnie's not company, so where's the use in being particular?"

Mr. Travers's face turned a deeper dye, but he said softly, "Do n't you think a little taste displayed would be better at all times, my dear?"

"You had better set the table yourself if you can do it better," was the angry retort, and Minnie tried to turn the subject, for she had a mortal horror of connubial storms.

"It is terrible," she said to her husband afterward, "to think husband and wife who are so dependent upon each other for happiness, should speak or look crossly at each other at all; but if they must have discussions or unkind remarks, let them make them when there are no other persons' ears to be pained by them; the most unpleasant thing in the world is to hear a married pair contradicting each other and saying harsh things, and perhaps each appealing to the third party to know if he or she is not right."

It was with a saddened heart Minnie went to her home that day, for she felt that, entreat her as she might, Maud would remain unchanged.

"Is tea ready?" she asked of Bridget as she entered the house.

"All but settin' the table, and, plaze mem, I left that for you, as I know'd I could n't suit you, you're so particular about that husband of yours."

"Ol' yes, nothing can be too nice for him," and Mrs. Winslow laughed lightly.

"Faith, mem, and let me be carryin' your bonnet up stairs for you, I'll put it away nice." Bridget thought it only a pleasure to wait on Mrs. Winslow; indeed, that lady never had the trouble with "help" so many have; she was so kind as to win the love of her domestics, and yet preserved so much of a proper dignity that they never took undue liberties. The children, as she had promised them when they came from school, had gone to carry some fresh rusk and milk to blind old Katy Jones, who lived all alone with her poverty; but they thought this a greater treat than a game of blind man's buff, for they were already being taught the pleasure there is in doing good. Ere they re-

turned Mrs. Winslow had the table tastefully arranged, and was on the portico to welcome both husband and children. After a playful contest between papa and the little ones who should kiss her first, they entered the dining-room together and sat down to the well-spread table. Had Maud stepped in at this moment she would have supposed there was company, such an air of elegance pervaded the table. Yet it was not because of the costly service, for they were by no means rich. The secret was simply in this, Minnie never put away her best things and saved them for company, for she said dearer than all eyes were those of her husband. She spent equal care on the arrangement of her table; every thing being placed so tastefully that an observer once said, "If there were nothing but bread and salt on Mrs. Winslow's table it would look more inviting than many a loaded one." Her table was restricted by no means to bread and salt, however; she always had some nice little relish made with a view to her husband's taste, and he—some would say foolish man! not so say we—always thought it so much the better for having been made by his wife.

Very different was the reception of Mr. Travers at home. As he drew near his door at tea-time, he thought, "O, that Maud would meet me as she used to in girlhood's days!" and his eye brightened as he thought of the braided tresses and neatly-arrayed form. He lifted the latch and passed into the sitting-room. Mrs. Travers was busy sewing and did not raise her eyes for some time; then when he coughed a little to make her aware of his presence, she looked up indifferently, "So, you've come," and went on with her work. Mr. Travers sighed, walked up and down the room two or three times, and then impatiently threw himself down on the lounge and took up a book. How might Maud have quieted the restless spirit had she gone to him, put her arms around him, and said, "Welcome home!" He made no attempt at conversation, because, to tell the truth, which he would hardly own even to himself, he wearied of her talk, which was of nothing but commonplace matters, the children, the servants, the neighbors, such were her daily themes. He would cheerfully have read aloud, but Maud cared for nothing that interested him—a nice story, a terrible accident, etc., would set all her enthusiasm afloat; but an article on a scientific subject would have been so much Greek. Thus they lived with no tastes in common, drifting further and further apart day by day. It was as Minnie had predicted, by contact with the world his mind was expanding more and more,

and hers for want of cultivation was shriveling into littleness. The tea was taken in almost entire silence, and then Herbert Travers took his hat and said, "I think I'll go and have a talk with Mr. Winslow." His wife said, "Well," only half raising her eyes as she extended her hand for the last magazine, and was soon absorbed in a new story, and would probably have forgotten there was such a being as her husband in existence had not the money been derived from him.

What a contrast, thought Mr. Travers, was the cozy little sitting-room he now entered to the one he had just left.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were sitting side by side reading Tennyson's "Idyls." "We had been reading 'Whedon on the Will,'" said Mr. Winslow, as he rose to welcome his guest, "and took up this by way of refreshing ourselves after some hard thinking. Come, be reader for the evening!"

"Yes, do," seconded Minnie, taking his hat, "and I will get my sewing."

Mr. Travers could not help thinking what a pretty picture she made there in her crimson dress, the rich dark curls straying over her white intellectual forehead; and he could n't help watching her as the gold and silver braid was twined around her fingers and formed in such cunning shapes. Then, too, what an interest she gave to the reading by her graceful comments—little poems in themselves—but when the book was laid down and a general conversation indulged in, how exquisite her taste, how faultless her judgment, how she spiced what would otherwise have been dull! The evening flew far too quickly for Herbert Travers; and when he bade them "good-night," to go to his own home, it was with a sigh.

But Edgar Winslow wound his arms around his little wife, and whispered as he kissed her, "How dull would home be without you! You are my light, my star!"

#### WHO ARE THE MIGHTY?

MIGHTIER than giants are men of the race of heaven; should they once arouse themselves to battle they could laugh at the spear and the habergeon. But they are a patient generation, enduring ills without resenting them, suffering scorn without reviling the scoffer. Their triumph is to come when their enemies shall receive the vengeance due; then shall it be seen by an assembled world that the "little flock" were men of high estate, and the "offscouring of all things" were verily men of real strength and dignity.

#### MISS PHILLISSA'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

#### NUMBER IV.

MERTOWN, Oct. 23d.

IT is true, dearest Kate, that you have some reason to complain of me. It has been no want of time, or even inclination, that has kept me silent; but just the uncertainty of Robert Newland's movements, and the hope of soon being able to write you some news of Fred.

It will be scarcely possible now for me to obey your injunction and begin this letter just where the last one left off, but I can give you a general idea of what we have been doing.

There has been a change observable in the 'Squire since poor Mr. Haze died. Not a lasting, radical change, but a change that comes and goes by fits and starts, and shows the old nature unchanged after all. The evening controversies at our house are not given up, but they are cooler, and the combatants keep better hours. The theme of universal salvation is wholly let alone. I truly regret the poor man's death, but if he *must* die I hope it is not wrong to rejoice that one bone of contention is buried with him.

But there are many other bones for which I should be glad to find a sepulcher—one very old bone, of which I have just had a glimpse; shall I show it to you?

At the tea-table my brother undertook to convince me that hot buttered toast, of which he is extravagantly fond, ought never to be eaten.

"An indigestible mess, full of nightmare and incipient dyspepsia, only fit for the gizzard of an ostrich," was his flattering comment on its appearance. I knew that he said this from sheer love of fault-finding, and that he would directly help himself to the lion's portion. So I touched the bell. "Ann," said I quietly, "you may take this toast away, and bring some cold bread." My brother started. I believe he would have countermanded my order, but a smothered laugh from the girls drew his attention to them and they were forthwith dismissed from the table. Of course they went directly to the kitchen and made a hearty meal from the rejected toast.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I preserved my gravity, as we sat opposite to each other silently munching our cold bread. It will be some time before another favorite dish is argued off the table. Political and religious and scientific disputations are bad enough to endure without having one's victuals quarreled over.

"Phillissa," said my brother solemnly, as he moved his chair back from the table, "what do you think of the reasoning powers of women as compared with men?"

I saw that a long tirade against the intellectuality of my sex was in prospect, so I answered coolly, "Compared with men? I did not know that men had any reasoning powers."

Not another word was said; but as soon as I could leave without the appearance of running away, I ran up to my room, locked my door, and laughed myself helpless over the whole affair.

But I must let my mind run back several weeks if I answer all your questions. At first we heard from Robert often, but the whole month of September passed without a word from him. Several times he had supposed himself on the eve of success, but invariably had found himself looking up some body else's relations. But instead of getting discouraged he grew more and more confident that his cousin was alive and would be found at last. Late in August he wrote that he had ascertained that a soldier who had escaped in company with Fred was living in La Grange, Texas, and he was preparing to leave New Orleans directly to find this man.

"He'll never come back," said my brother testily, after hearing the letter read. "There is no sense in his wasting his time and money in this way. The people of Texas are half savages. It is the last place that Fred would think of visiting. If he is alive he has wit enough to come home now that the war is over."

"You forget, papa, what Robert says about the effect of the horrible treatment upon the minds of the prisoners. And—and Fred's mother was insane. It is constitutional in her family. There is no telling where the poor fellow may have wandered if his intellect is disordered."

"Pooh! it is easy enough to imagine such things. There is no evidence to my mind that Fred is alive. The fact is, that Robert likes to travel, and this affair of Fred's gives him an excuse for doing so. A soldier's life unsettles a person and gives him a roving disposition."

Maggie bit her lips to keep back her indignant thoughts.

We had the pleasure of listening to remarks like these all through September. They grew more and more bitter as the time passed without any tidings, and at last the 'Squire decided that Robert had no intention of returning himself, even if living, which was doubtful.

Maggie is not easily disheartened. She held

up bravely and was always sure there was a good reason for her daily disappointment in regard to a letter. But the color left her cheek and her merry laugh quite deserted her as the weary days of waiting wore on. To divert her mind one afternoon when she was unusually thoughtful and silent, I proposed a long walk in the woods. She made no objection, though I could see that she was indisposed to make any exertion. But Cora tied on her hat while Leonore brought her parasol, and we were soon on our way. It was a beautiful day. The early frosts had just touched the trees, and the different colors were most lovely. Still it was difficult to interest Maggie. She was evidently borrowing trouble.

"What can be the occasion of Robert's long silence, aunt Lissa?"

"He has doubtless written, my dear. Letters get mislaid often on shorter routes. Do you remember that letter of cousin Kate's, which started only twelve miles from us and traveled nearly all over the United States before it reached us? I expect that Robert is wondering why you do not answer this letter that you have not received, and like you, he is tormenting himself to account for your neglect. When he gets safely home I shall laugh at you both."

"You may, aunt Lissa, if he ever gets home."

"Now, Maggie, you must not dwell on that dismal thought. The chances are that he is all right, and if he is not, there will be time for lamentation and mourning after you find it out. Ugh! here's a wasp on my sleeve; brush it off, please."

I have a terror of wasps and hornets and all stinging insects, and my wise brother's arguments and the amusement of my nieces are all thrown away when attempting to reassure me. I know from experience what a wasp's sting is. So as soon as I saw this one, with his long wind-mill wings spread, awkwardly balancing himself for a walk up my sleeve, I began to jump about and make such an ado that Maggie forgot her trouble in laughing at me.

"It is a white-faced one, aunt Lissa; it won't sting."

"O dear! Well, I do despise a white-faced wasp. It is regular low-church. The hypocrite! It has no business to personate a wasp. It ought to be turned out of the synagogue."

"Why, aunt Lissa, you did not want it to sting you, I suppose?"

"No; but it should n't pretend to be a wasp. Those black-faced fiery ones, ready to stab you without a moment's notice, have the real doctrine in them. They are wasps. I respect them."

"I am glad of it," said Maggie, laughing, "for there is one of them on your bonnet. And see," she continued as she bent a little birch toward me, "here's a nest of them."

"You don't! O dear! Get out!" I gave but one look at the nest as I snatched my bonnet from my head, threw it away, and ran for dear life. The low-church wasp rose in my estimation at every step, and its peaceable qualities put on a certain dignity. Maggie followed me as fast as she could for laughing, bringing my bonnet with her and thoroughly enjoying my fright. I will not deny that I exhibited quite as much of this as I felt; it was so charming to see her look like her old self again. So I kept on till I was clear of the wood and safe in the high road. Then I sat down to recover my breath and wait for Maggie to come up.

"Well done, aunt Lissa! I knew you were the quickest little woman in the world, but I had no idea you could run like that. Do you know that you have cleared two stone walls and a tolerably high fence without once stopping to measure them? As the boys say, 'I'll bet on you after this!'"

"Nonsense, my dear. You know there are very convenient steps at each of these barriers. It is the regular path across the fields, is n't it?"

"Yes," Maggie answered with a bright blush, for which I could not account till I remembered the morning of Robert's departure. "Well, aunt, where shall we go now?"

"Any where you please."

"Let us go to the post-office."

"Yes, but do not expect a letter."

It was nearly a mile to the post-office, but the day was so lovely that it was a pleasure to be out of doors. And there was a letter.

Maggie could hardly believe her eyes when the large envelope, which she knew contained so much, was handed to her.

"Let us find a quiet place, aunt Lissa, and read what Robert says before we go home."

"Where is the letter mailed?"

"At New Orleans."

Maggie was soon lost in her letter while I sat waiting impatiently to hear if there was any news of Fred.

"In a minute," was her response to my repeated inquiries. At last I laid violent hands on the letter itself.

"I will take it away, Maggie, if you do not tell me if he has heard from Fred."

"Yes, yes, he has found him at last. He is in New Orleans, and has never been in Texas at all."

"Then Robert had his journey for nothing."

"No, for it was at Austin that he first got any reliable intelligence."

"But how is Fred? Why did n't he come home? Is he sick? Why has he kept his whereabouts so private? If he could n't write to us himself, I suppose there is some one in the city who could. What does he say for himself? Maggie, why don't you tell me?"

"You give me no chance, aunt Lissa. Fred is very much altered, Robert says—in mind more than in person. The horrors of Andersonville were too much for him. You know how tender-hearted he is. He is rational at times, and since he has recognized his cousin seems to feel easy. All the time he has suffered from a fear of being recaptured, and would neither tell his name nor where he belonged. He is in a hospital, well cared for, and Robert thinks he will be able to start for home next week. That is all there is about Fred," said Maggie, coloring rosily as she saw me glance at the closely-written sheets which she was folding. How happy she looked!

"I think Andersonville must make many infidels," was her next remark as we walked thoughtfully homeward.

"Why, my pet?"

"Because it does not seem as if a merciful and powerful Being could suffer such wrong to his creatures. To Christian patriots, too."

"What we know not now we shall know hereafter. We can not comprehend the infinite plans of the Almighty. It is useless to speculate upon such subjects. There has probably been no circumstance of the war which has so well unmasked the diabolical cruelty of the South as its exhibition at Andersonville. The European sympathizers with the rebellion can now understand and appreciate its chivalry."

"As if it were worth while, auntie, for all this misery to be endured just to enlighten France and England, when it is not of the least consequence what either nation thinks of us!"

"Well, well, my dear, we will not argue. Your father can do that for us all."

As soon as we got home I sent Maggie to her room to read her letter, while I spread the good news it contained. My brother tried hard to disguise his joy, but he did not succeed. Even while his lips grumbled, his eyes shone with thankful gladness. There is a warm, good heart under his rough outside, and he has been so sensible and considerate for a week that I am afraid he is going to die.

Mrs. Peyton came over to spend the evening with me. She is a widow, about forty years old, and one of the most attractive women I

ever saw. You will understand that I improved Maggie's hint in seeking her acquaintance, and that the Quintet Quarreling Club—Q. Q. C.—will not have it all their own way during the approaching Winter. The 'Squire was in great dread all the evening, though he could not help admiring her. Her conversational powers are superior to those of most women, for she has read a great deal, and is an independent thinker.

Once or twice, when the conversation happened to turn upon the events of the war and the present policy of the Government, I think my brother quite forgot that she was a woman and a widow; for he contradicted her without ceremony, commencing his remarks with, "Now, sir, let me show you that you know nothing about it." But generally his sense of danger from her presence kept him quiet.

Maggie was in the room, with her cheerfulness quite restored, ready to quarrel with her father or to do any thing else for the general good. Altogether we had a delightful time, and it shall not be the last of the kind if I can help it.

Mrs. Peyton gave us an amusing account of a young niece of hers. She belongs to a family who have not favored the war or given a cent to aid the country in its need, but whose patriotism has been confined to finding fault with all that has been done to maintain the Union cause. The young lady had a lover, and they were expecting to be married soon when the war began. The lover was a good, respectable, but rather ordinary young man, with no positive opinions or principles on any subject. He was not courageous enough to enlist as a soldier, and both he and his betrothed lived in constant fear of his being drafted into the service. The scornful contempt of the young men around him who were bravely responding to the call of the country, and even the mirthful ridicule of the fairer sex were unheeded; it were small consolation to be applauded by these after being killed in battle. His head, small and empty as it was, was all the head he had, and he was naturally tender of it. So, to avoid the draft, he left home and went to Canada. No one, excepting his mother and his affianced wife, knew what had become of him, though many suspected the truth. Of course the marriage was delayed and the wedding outfit packed away till more auspicious times. There were no letters written during the war; the young lady having an impression that if his abode were known the United States would straightway require the British authorities to hand the little fellow over to be tried and shot for desertion. But when the war was over she naturally

began to look after him and marvel at his non-appearance. "You, Miss Maggie," said Mrs. Peyton, "will know how to pity her when I tell you that she has just learned that he has been two years married to a pretty Scotch girl; has a bright boy about fifteen months old, and has settled down into a loyal subject of good Queen Victoria."

"Served her right," said Maggie. "She don't deserve a husband, though the loss of such a poltroon is scarcely worth mentioning."

"He seems to have prospered," said my brother.

"Yes. I suppose he was not to blame if he had no manliness in him. He could n't exhibit a noble spirit or an unselfish love of his country because he had n't either. He was honest, at least, poor fellow."

"I wish she had been engaged to David Mallows, and had transplanted him to the British Provinces," said Maggie suddenly.

"Why, my dear?" asked her father in an amused tone.

"You know, papa. Just listen," said Maggie, throwing up the window. We all smiled, for, crooning along upon the air, as if every note was bursting with agony, came the wailing sounds of a fiddle.

"He is a lazy, shiftless fellow, papa. He makes the whole neighborhood hideous. Are n't you one of the select men? I complain of him as a public nuisance. His wife told me that he had seven fiddles, one for every day in the week, and she is n't sure whether she has her senses left or not. He repairs fiddles and tunes them, and gets them under such headway that they can't stop going if they would. Why was n't he drafted and put in the front of the battle? Think of the thousands of useful men who have fallen, and here he has been fiddling the neighbors into fits all the time. He ought to live on an island with all his fiddles in full screech."

"Well, well, my dear," said the 'Squire, "you will have the remedy in your own hands. Robert owns the cottage where Mallows lives. You can turn him out."

"But his poor wife, papa."

My brother grew nervously restless as the evening wore on. He knew that common civility would require him to escort Mrs. Peyton to her home, and, alas! there was no Canada near wherein he could seek refuge. He had odd fits of silence, and he changed his seat continually. At last, when he was ingeniously counterfeiting a sudden attack of ague in his face, and querying whether he had n't better go directly to bed and drink hot tea to induce perspiration.

Mrs. Peyton's brother arrived, and it appeared that she had been expecting him to come for her. The 'Squire recovered so rapidly on learning this, that it seemed a pity to insist on nursing his sudden cold; but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and I resolved to do my duty. I began to heat soap-stones. "Bother!" exclaimed the 'Squire. "I tell you I am as well as ever I was. The pain has quite left me."

"It will return. It never leaves so suddenly when it means to stay away. A slight cold is often the insidious herald of graver diseases. The foot-bath will be ready directly. Put mustard in it, Maggie, and have it as hot as he can bear it."

"O, bother!" growled the 'Squire.

Maggie assisted me most zealously. By the time her father was in bed and I had arranged the soap-stones and bottles of hot water about him, she was ready with a steaming bowl of thoroughwort tea. This he was determined not to taste, and our united efforts were not sufficient to induce him to swallow it. And, indeed, we had scarcely left his room after tucking the bed-clothes snugly around him, before we heard the soap-stones rolled out upon the floor and the loud "whish" of the water bottles as they broke against the wall. You will imagine that I had little hope of breaking up his cold after this.

This was a fortnight ago, and I must not close my letter without telling you that Robert and Fred are at home. Fred will never be well again. His constitution is quite broken up. He is rational, as a general thing, and his restoration to his home has done much to quiet him; but the disease contracted in that horrid pen at Andersonville will soon lay him in his grave. When his mind wanders he is perfectly harmless, and then his chief delight is in washing his hands over and over again to remove the prison filth which he fancies still adheres to them.

Robert watches him constantly, and Maggie goes to visit him now.

"I am glad they have taken a liking to each other, Phillissa," says the 'Squire.

"So am I," I answer.

My dearest Kate, I have hopes of my brother. Unless he is being prepared to die he is getting ready to live. He is growing gentle. He does not argue, that is, scold half so much as he did, and he does not contradict us above two-thirds of the time. So while all our prospects are so inviting and encouraging, I will take the opportunity to bid you a cheerful good-by.

In love as ever, PHILLISSA BROWN.

#### GREATNESS IN SMALL THINGS.

BY MATTIE H. SMITH.

SHALL we wait for great things to do, or shall we "do with our might what our hands find to do?" We are too apt to conclude that if ten or at least five talents are not in our possession, we will make no effort for improvement. Self desires to be in the ascendancy. "I must be the brightest star or I will not shine at all," is the fatal napkin in which many precious talents have been wrapped, and thus lost to families, to society, and to the world. One talent here and another there well improved, strengthens the hands of a family, a neighborhood, or a country, but more especially strengthens and animates the heart of the doer to greater deeds, and to more valorous exertions.

I have often heard falling from the lips of those of my own sex the expressions, "My energies are so cramped," "My faculties are so bound and hemmed in by being ever kept hovering over the narrow precincts of home. I long for a breath from the great and busy outside world; the narrowness of my home stifles me."

O, woman, think not your sphere a limited one, it is boundless as great eternity. If that fair brow can not be wreathed with the laurels that spring up from the fields of blood and strife, it may be encircled with gems of love and truth. Virtue may plant her signet there, and its radiance may attract the erring back to the paths of peace. If your voice is not heard amid the clangor and confusion of legislative halls, remember that the dear home which is sometimes deemed a cage, is a field of usefulness open to none so widely as to you. Home, that little spot of creation shut out from all the world; whether it is beautiful or homely, still it is home. Then how deep its influences for good or evil! How great the tide of human life that is pouring onward to eternity through the countless homes of earth!

As woman sits queen of these households, whether in the palace or the lowly cot, it is hers to regulate, to keep in order, and to make lovely and attractive. And the beings who gather there to shelter them from the world's storm are to be made happier or more miserable through her influence. God help us to keep alive to the greatness of small things everywhere, but most especially in the home circle, where characters are forming, not only for the brief space allotted them here, but for eternity! Words uttered without consideration flow into the channel of thought of some tender mind, and impels it that much further on in the wrong

direction; but wisely and judiciously spoken have an opposite tendency, and reflects rays of brightness back on the heart of that careful sister, mother, or wife. Not that woman alone is responsible for the course the little tide of home may take, but hers is the greater responsibility, because of the more numerous and complicated cares which daily devolve upon her; and it is this monotonous routine from which she so eloquently pleads to be delivered, forgetting in her weariness that these small duties, well performed, go further in moralizing and Christianizing our land than all other agencies combined. Nor must she become discouraged in her heavenly mission because of the many counter influences abroad. God's divine assistance is promised to the sincere seeker for help. He has offered needed wisdom and protecting care. How deep a source from which to draw!

Something has been said of the influence of words. But, O! ye unkind words, too much can not be expressed to your disparagement. Little and insignificant as ye seem, a weight too intolerable to be borne crushes the heart on which you fall. There is no simile complete enough for your illustration. The burning sands of some arid clime are no surer in their work of destroying every germ of vegetation, than are ye in drying up the pure and tender fountains of the soul. The laughing streams that gladden the happy hours of childhood would only become wider and deeper to the end of life, could we ever bask beneath the genial rays of kind words.

O, very little things are ye, but more beautiful than the sparkling dew gems of a bright Summer's morning; sweeter than the fragrance that floats on its balmy breath; more musical far than the thrilling notes of many choirs of happy birds. Then study kind words. Speak gently, and in yourself, if no where else, you will meet a reward.

While the black war wing hung so long and darkly over our land, what was it that made up the greatness of the defeats and victories of our armies? Was it alone the fall of some beloved general or the hardy achievements of some noble leader? Listen, and you will hear borne to your ears, on the winds which yet chant a requiem over the departed heroes, the answer, that had the leaders of our armies been unaided by the prayers and the sturdy arm of the Christian patriot, all would have been lost. The proud old eagle would have drooped his weary wing and died; the giant strength of rebellion would have remained unbroken—but in union there is power. The precious "Stars

and Stripes" received a deeper hue from every drop of blood spilled in its defense; and now we all love the dear old flag as we have never loved it before, and will ever cherish it as an emblem of the greatness of many small sacrifices laid upon our country's altar. A Savior is born in Bethlehem of Judea. Wondrous news! All receive the intelligence with joy. But how did he come? In great pomp and splendor? Robed in priestly garments and bearing a kingly crown? Such at least, say the Jews, should be the sign of the true coming of one who is to reign over them. Disappointed in this they rejected him. Shepherds, while attending their flocks, were told by a heavenly messenger of the "good news," and where they could find Him of whom they were told. "This," said the angel, "shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." O, stupendous thought! God manifesting himself unto us as our Savior in such a manner that the lowliest being of earth may approach and worship him. How the proud heart must humble itself if it would find Jesus! "O, why should the heart of mortal be proud" when such greatness is found in such humble things!

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.  
PERSONAL AND GATHERED RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. E. S. MARTIN.

IN writing of those whose development of mind, in whatever department of literature or science it may be, is remarkable, it is natural to glance at antecedents, domestic, psychological, and external, that may have influenced such minds. We shall, therefore, be pardoned for referring somewhat in detail to the home in which these children of wonderful genius were nurtured.

On the western shore of Lake Champlain lies the small but exceedingly-attractive town of Plattsburg, where, on the 27th of September, 1808, Lucretia Maria Davidson was born.

Modern science, in its various forms of steam and electricity, has been a wonderful awakener from lethargy, here as elsewhere; yet at the time when our child-eyes looked upon, and our tiny voice called it "home," the village reposed in a calm, lazy sleep—so quiet, indeed, that one could fancy the sound of fife and drum, on such primitive ears, might have been startling as on those of a Casper Hauser.

The locality, however, had known all the sights and sounds of war—cannon had roared

with fatal reverberation among its hills—the white sail that glistened on its peaceful waters had been discolored and bespattered by the life-blood of many a noble heart. There had been the bitter tears and fears of parting friends, followed by the sharp, keen agony of newly-made widows and orphan children.

The village cemetery had in its very center a consecrated green-sward, whose memorial stones answered only to the dead soldier's roll-call. Here lay many a brave hero, over whose young head the birds sang from year to year their most cheerful reveille, or beat an evening tattoo on the grand old pine-trees. There were wild legends too, bordering on the supernatural, with circumstance preceding and accompanying this stormy era, which were intensified into actualities by a constant familiarity with houses riddled by bullets and huge cannon-balls resting innocently in cavities not originally intended for their reception.

Amid scenes of such historic interest were the elder Davidson children reared, and with which they were in some degree identified. "It is curious," says Mrs. Sedgwick, Lucretia's biographer, "to watch the effect of story and song in overcoming the instincts of nature; to see this tender, gentle creature viewing the instruments of war, not as engines of torture and death, but as forges for triumphant cars and wreaths of victory."

There was much also in the natural scenery of their birthplace to excite pleasurable a romantic temperament. The country contiguous to Plattsburg is much of it picturesque and beautiful. Scores of smaller towns lie nestled in full view among its high hills, intersected continually by little brawling streams or peaceful rivulets. The lake, with its background of mountains, is every-where visible, and the quiet country roads go winding through alternate thicket of evergreens and farms of high cultivation for many and many a mile around.

The River Saranac, issuing from the shadowy mountains near a hundred miles above, comes rippling in tortuous fashion over its pebbly bed, till it severs the old town quite in twain, making a curve on one side round a low, grassy shore, and running under a bold headland on the other, where it soon widens into the broad lake.

Stretching along this high bank were the foreign-looking dwellings of several French refugees, who sought in this quiet, this most lovely spot, a lull from the stormy sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution.

The pointed gables and stiff Lombardy poplars that stood as sentinels, told plainly, as any

mute objects could tell, of a stately régime. Within and under the very shadow of this patrician line nestled the lowly, weather-stained cottage of the two child-poets—rendered so memorable that it was long a shrine where the devotees of genius, from Europe and America, made pilgrimage. Its exterior indicated, if not absolute poverty, at least but a small portion of worldly prosperity, and to our child-eyes the house was too unpretentious even to be considered picturesque.

Yet the description given by our little heroine, Margaret, when fifteen years old, of this home is charmingly fresh and not untruthful.

"The old-fashioned piazza, which extended in front of the building, was shaded with vines and honeysuckle, just budding into life; the turf on the bank of the river was of the richest and brightest emerald, and the wild-rose and sweet-brier, that twined over the neat inclosure, seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume within the bounds of this—to us—earthly paradise!"

From that same low piazza, however, the outward world was glorious in its rare beauty. The "Green Mountains" loomed up in the distance with coquettish change—now laughing in tender Spring costume, as the early morning sun quivered among the tree-tops, and anon showing only grim, weird faces, as noonday and eventide lengthened out their shadows.

The pretty headland of Cumberland stretched its long neck lovingly into the deep, placid bay, and on its borders lay old country seats, whose green turf was as like soft rich moss.

The original owners have long since found graves in other lands, but a vivid interest must ever linger about these old homesteads so long as they retain the familiar names as of yore—the Woolsey Manor, Platt Place, M'Donough Farm, etc.

Beautiful is it for situation, like Zion of old—a joy and rejoicing.

Smooth lawns lead gently to the lake shore, over which, despite of man's neglect, nature seems to indulge a peculiarly-tender care, as the grass is ever soft and trim as on the estate of an English noble. There is always the same somber silence too, broken only by theplash of restless waters over the graveled beach, or dashing rudely among the shallow caves. There must always have been, even in their days of active vitality, a subdued quietude akin to sadness, in these Lake Champlain homes; and such was the outer world upon which the dreamy eyes of these poet-sisters were continually gazing. Mental development was no doubt accelerated and modified by such surroundings, in

their case, as in that of the Wesleys, Brontes, and others.

They were nurtured, however, amid many depressing forms of affliction. Poverty often stalked defiantly toward the household; death glided into secret haunts, while the mother, a lovely and highly-gifted woman, was rarely able to rise from her bed of suffering—her life was a contest without intermission, between painful disease and poetic sensibility.

Dr. Davidson was a man of intellectual tastes, yet it was no doubt from their mother, whose imaginative character and ardent susceptible feelings were concentrated on domestic incidents and maternal tenderness, that the daughters derived their wondrous talent. "Marvelous gifts!" writes Miss Sedgewick, "whose holy flame burned till they consumed the mortal investments."

Of Lucretia, the writer's memory retains but a treacherous record; indeed, this remembrance can recall distinctly but one event, the far-off vision of a little child, with hand tightly clasped within her mother's—who was on most intimate terms of friendship with Mrs. Davidson—standing in the earliest light of a sweet Summer morning near a low couch, where the young girl lay dying. Her luxuriant hair, free from all confinement, fell in soft, wavy ripples over her white dress, and the large, dark, spiritual eyes were already watching for the light of that glorious city, whose builder and maker is God.

The delicacy of her physique was extreme, and from infancy she was exceedingly fragile. Yet she was sent to the Plattsburg Academy at four years of age, learning her letters after the Lancasterian method in sand.

The first effusions from her afterward prolific pen were discovered by accident, and greatly to Lucretia's sorrow, who was ever a shy, timid little creature. A quantity of paper having disappeared very rapidly, Mrs. Davidson expressed both surprise and displeasure at the untoward event, when the sensitive child, with drooping head and tearful eye, whispered, "Mamma, I have used it; but don't, O don't ask me for what; I can not, can not tell you."

This led to a discovery, among the attic rubbish, of several tiny manuscript books, of which the hieroglyphics were difficult to decipher; although they were finally ascertained to be poetical explanations in meter and rhyme of pictures on the reverse.

Lucretia's love for every living thing was so unbounded that she made no nice discriminations, when a child, between a soaring bird or crawling caterpillar. A rat—sent to her by a

schoolmate—whose leg had been broken in a trap, received as careful nursing, as honorable burial, and as tearful a lament as her pet robin, an epitaph on which, when she was eight years old, is the earliest preserved record of her muse:

"Underneath this turf doth lie  
A little bird, which ne'er could fly;  
Twelve large angle-worms did fill  
This little bird, whom they did kill.  
Puss! if you should chance to smell  
My little bird, from his dark cell,  
O! do be merciful, my cat,  
And not serve him as you did my rat."

About the same time also she composed "The Lament of an Old Comb," containing eight verses, which evinces her playful disposition at this baby age, as was "The Auction Extraordinary," when she was fifteen.

The "Allegory of Alphonso" was written at eleven years of age, and the ballad of "De Courcy and Wilhelmine" for a weekly paper, which she issued for the amusement of the family at this period, dated "The Little Corner of the World," edited by the Story-Teller, and dedicated to mamma.

Before completing her twelfth year she had read most of the English poets, besides much history, sacred and profane, novels, and various works of imagination. Her devotion to Shakespeare was unbounded, and is expressed in an address to the great dramatist, from which we extract the following:

"Heaven, in compassion to man's erring heart,  
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice, a part,  
Lest we in wonder here should bow before thee,  
Break God's commandment, worship and adore thee!"

The religious element in her character was manifested at the earliest possible age; and that these impressions were permanent, is evident from the breathings of piety throughout her works, and in the precious fruit it produced in her life.

Her versification of Scripture was exceedingly beautiful and tender, as were also the hymns she composed. When only eleven years old she wrote in poetical measure the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, commencing with this verse:

"Though I were gifted with an angel's tongue  
And voice, like that with which the prophets sung;  
Yet if mild Charity were not within,  
'T were all a mockery and sin."

And also "Christ Stilling the Tempest."

"Be still, ye waves, for Christ doth deign to tread  
On the rough bosom of your watery bed!"

Be not too harsh your gracious Lord to greet,  
But in soft murmurs kiss his holy feet;  
'T is he alone can calm your rage at will,  
This is his sacred mandate, 'Peace, be still!'

The poem of "Chicomoco" was written at stolen moments, and commenced at thirteen years old, when clouds seemed heavily gathering over her morning, as for weeks and months her guide and companion, Mrs. Davidson, lay hovering on the verge of the grave. Lucretia resolved to forego henceforth the inspiration of her muse, and devote her life to this beloved mother. After her partial recovery, however, Mrs. Davidson earnestly entreated her daughter to resume the theme, which she did, prefacing it by the following lines:

"I had thought to have left thee, my sweet harp, forever;  
To have touched thy dear strings again—never—O, never!  
To have sprinkled oblivion's dark waters upon thee,  
To have hung thee where wild winds would hover  
around thee;  
But the voice of affection hath called forth one strain,  
Which, when sung, I will leave thee to silence again."

The impulse to write was almost irresistible, and she wrote with rapidity, without regard to outward circumstances, except when composing her long and complicated poems, like "Amir Khan," when she required, says Miss Sedgewick, entire seclusion. If disturbed, the spell for the time was quite broken. She then retired to her own apartment, so dimly lighted as scarce to discover the characters she was tracing. "I found her," says her fond mother, on one of these occasions, "in a rapt ecstasy. Her aeolian harp, which she always placed, at such times, in the window, was touched by just sufficient breeze to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her fine dark eyes were radiant with the light of genius and beaming sensibility. Her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in the right. She looked like an inhabitant of another sphere!"

Only in her intellectual pursuits and attainments, however, was Lucretia Davidson premature, as she ever retained the modesty, simplicity, and innocence of a child. To the last she manifested her love of books, as shown in a request to her mother, that a trunk, brought from school with her, might be unpacked at her bedside, and as each volume was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired it placed at the foot of her bed on a small desk, her eye fondly resting on the collection.

She finished her "Amir Khan" just before completing her sixteenth year; and although it has been considered by some critics an imitation of "Lalla Rookh," to the writer's mind it is totally unlike in its conception, although there is the same luxuriant romance of Oriental life in both.

Not much more remains to record of this gifted young being. She left her home for Mrs. Willard's Seminary, in Troy, November 24th, full of youthful health and joy; she returned in the February following to lay her weary head upon her mother's bosom and die. Her application to study had been intense. "The school period," says Miss Sedgewick, "is the period of the young animal's physical growth and development—the period when the demands of the physical nature are strongest, and the mental weakest." With Lucretia Davidson the order was reversed. These are her own words: "I have been ill, very ill. O examination—most horrible ordeal! Not preparing ourselves in *selected studies*, but the whole course of the sciences. O, my dear mother, how I wish I could lay my aching head on your most tender heart!" The sacrifice was soon completed. The next letter to her mother was scarcely legible, and they brought her back to the little cottage on Lake Champlain, hoping that the sweet, health-giving influences of domestic love and home associations might avert disease; but the destroyer was not to be eluded, and the girl herself looked calmly forward to the end, in firm reliance upon the merits of her Savior. She died August 27, 1825, aged sixteen years and eight months.

Her last two compositions were written while sitting in bed supported by pillows, during her last illness, and were found by Mrs. Davidson, after her death, in her portfolio; one of which, "The Last Farewell to my Harp," ending with this stanzas, is seemingly a presentiment of her death, although addressed to her muse:

"I blest that hour, but O, my heart,  
Thou and thy lyre must part; yes, part;  
And this shall be my last farewell,  
This, my sad bosom's latest knell;  
And here, my harp, we part forever,  
I'll waken thee again, O, never!  
Silence shall claim thee, cold and drear,  
And thou shalt calmly slumber here."

"The Fear of Madness" was the last effort of the dying girl, and we insert it, as none can read the dark forebodings without a sentiment of tender pity that upon one so young and lovely should have been laid a burden thus heavy:

"There is a something which I dread,  
It is a dark, a fearful thing;

It steals along, with withering tread,  
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour  
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;  
'T is not the dread of death—it is more,  
It is the dread of madness.

O, may these throbbing pulses pause,  
Forgetful of their feverish-course;  
May this hot brain, which burning glows  
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,  
A tenant of its lowly bed;  
But let not dark delirium steal—

[Unfinished.]

The poetical writings of Miss Davidson, says her biographer, amounted in all to two hundred and seventy pieces of various lengths; and when it is considered that there are among these at least five regular poems of several cantos each, some estimate may be found of the labors of a girl not yet seventeen years old. Besides these, there were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen, and about forty letters written to her mother within the period of a few months; an industry almost incredible.

The following tribute to Miss Davidson is from the "London Quarterly Review," a source sparing in its praise of American production, and is from the pen of Mr. Southey: "In these poems [Amir Khan, Maritorne, Chicomoco, etc.] there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectation, however sanguine, which the patrons, the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed!"

The personal appearance of this young poet, at sixteen years of age, just eight months preceding her death, is thus described by a friend: "Her complexion was brunette, clear and brilliant, of that warm tint, that seems to belong to lands of the sun rather than to our chilled regions; indeed, her whole organization, mental as well as physical, her deep and quick sensibility, her early development, were characteristics of a warmer clime than ours; her form was slight and symmetrical, her hair profuse, dark, and curling, her mouth and nose regular and beautiful, as if they had been chiseled by an inspired artist; and through this fitting medium beamed her angelic spirit."

When the destroyer approached, chilling with his icy breath all that was so fair and lovely, he found her ready for the summons. The prayer that she had murmured in her hours of comparative health was fully answered, as the

beautiful and symmetrical life was to be rendered up to its glorious Giver:

"O, thou great source of joy supreme,  
Whose arm alone can save,  
Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave.

Lay thy supporting, gentle hand  
Beneath my sinking head,  
And with a ray of love divine  
Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,  
I would resign my breath,  
And in thy loved embraces lose  
The bitterness of death."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

### ONE BY ONE.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

One by one the flowers are dying,  
When the Summer days have flown;  
When the restless winds are sighing  
Through the woodland sere and lone.  
Fed by dews of heaven they brightened  
In the garden and the wild;  
And the eye with joy was lightened,  
Gazing where their beauty smiled.

One by one the leaves are falling  
On the mountain and the plain;  
When the Autumn gales are calling  
With a weird and mournful strain—  
Floating on the rolling river,  
Wafted on their viewless car,  
Where the echoes wake and quiver  
In the solitudes afar.

One by one the years declining  
Mark the chainless flight of time,  
While the sun above is shining,  
Or the stars in glory climb—  
While the lightning's flame is wreathing  
Where the tempest clouds are hurled;  
Or when gentlest gales are breathing  
Life and fragrance o'er the world.

One by one the ages number  
With the chiming bells of peace,  
Or the voice of war's deep thunder,  
Where the nations seek release;  
With the triumphs truth is gaining  
In its flight from clime to clime,  
Till the isles shall know its reigning  
In the distant years of time.

One by one in death departing,  
Earthly friends return no more;  
Brighter visions bliss imparting,  
Greet them on the deathless shore;  
Where immortal morn prevailing,  
Lights no scene of dull decay;  
Where, when earth-born hopes are failing,  
Faith mounts up the shining way.

## SYMMETRY OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

NOTHING is more beautiful or desirable than a consistent religious life—a gracefully-rounded Christian character. The highest beauty of any given scene in nature, or of any specimen of art, is the symmetrical coherence of its several parts. So in moral character. It is lovely and attractive, because all its properties and qualities are consistent one with another, and hang together like the several parts in any beautiful piece of mechanism. Religion never expresses itself irregularly or disproportionately in human character, when it has entire ascendancy in the heart and life. It is the very soul of order and beauty, and its developments, when not interfered with or distorted, are necessarily harmonious and of a piece. But we propose to be a little more specific in tracing the effects of religion upon human character.

It does not, for example, unfold the grace of faith, and at the same time leave undeveloped and passive the working, active element of man's being; for faith and works must, of necessity, go together. It does not promote the growth of benevolent dispositions, and leave its subject indifferent to heart-culture or personal piety; for benevolence, while a noble virtue in itself, can not atone for the absence of spirituality in the heart and life. It does not cultivate in the soul an intense love of the ordinances of the Lord's house, the means of grace, and yet leave the heart mean and stingy in the support and diffusion of the institutions of Christianity; for the love of the ordinances of religion, without the love of supporting and diffusing them in adequate measure, is a palpable contradiction. Religion, acting on human character and giving its true expression to the outward life, is consistent in all its work. It were to little purpose to cultivate faith without works, zeal without knowledge, benevolence without spirituality, love of the Church and its means of grace without expanded liberality of soul, not to mention other opposites which are strangely seen sometimes in professing Christians. All these things grace seeks to unfold harmoniously with the others in our lives and moral conduct. "These ought ye to do and not to leave the other undone," is the command of the Master.

Christianity in its order of development is to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection. Peter gives it in so many express words: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowl-

edge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, character." Paul gives a specific summary of the graces to be cultivated and perfected in religious character in the following beautiful words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The maturity and perfection of the spiritual graces is the crowning triumph of religion in human character. Its finished work is, "A PERFECT MAN," and "growing up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ"—progressive spiritual development is the mode of its accomplishment. Such is the work, such the result of grace in every earnest religious character. Pointing to its noblest specimens of spiritual development—specimens, alas! only too rare in the Churches. Christianity bids us, reader, "MARK the perfect and BEHOLD the upright," that we too may live wisely and so "go on to perfection."

## SEA-MOSES.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

THE sea, with its plants and its inhabitants, is study enough for a life-time, were that life as long as the life of Zanoni.

The changes of the sea are marvelous. They do not depend on the changes of the sky, except in part. They are incessant. Never is the face of ocean two days the same, never two hours the same; probably, never the same for two minutes. Constant only to change, the interest it inspires and the attention its attracts are ever new and intense.

Let me quote a few lines from a "Record of the Sea," kept while watching it from a window within a few rods of the beach.

September 13, 1865, A. M. Sea calm—stripes of white, smooth water alternating with stripes of dark, ruffled water. At noon—sea deep blue, and calm. P. M.—gray; thin mist slightly veiling the sea.

Sept. 14th. Whole sea dark blue-gray, one narrow stripe of white across the southern view. Later—sea light green—wide spaces of indigo blue. Later—sea dark lead color.

Sept. 16th. Blue and calm—a golden track across the eastern sea. Later—sea green, with a purple tinge.

Sept. 17th. Sea a mingled green and gray, and all in a wash of foam.

Sept. 21st. Sea green, and blue, and gray, crested with foam and sparkling in the sun.

Sept. 22d. Sea like a smooth lake, flooded with golden glory.

Sept. 24th. Sea black, and ominously still.

Dec. 23d. Sea invisible—a mighty "darkness" where we know it lies. Tremendous snow-storm flying.

January 8, 1866. Sea smoking like a boiling pot, or as if it were all on fire. A stranger sight 't were hard to see.

Jan. 10th. Sea full of ice cakes.

Jan. 16th. Sea stiffened so that snow lies on its surface as far out as the eye can see, excepting a narrow strip near the shore.

March 14th. Sea smooth as a pan of milk, and of a pale-blue color.

March 30th. Sea pea-green; full of tiny waves.

April 1st. Sea calm and hazy. Later—rippling and blue. Later—the bluest blue, sparkling with millions of diamonds.

But enough. The stormy, raging aspect is not given. That is dreadful. The furious waves, like herds of buffalo, heads down, white manes flying, chasing each other in rows, come bellowing up from the distance, and break with thunderous shock upon the rocky shore. The whole air is filled with the tumult, and the stoutest heart may well be appalled beholding the power and the passion of the "remorseless sea."

Ah, what wonder that so many noble ships have gone down in storms! The marvel is that so many outlive them. But it is after these storms that the greatest number, and the most perfect specimens of the beautiful sea-mosses are found. These "Algæ" are of three colors, green, olive, and red; but each color varies in shades, from almost black to almost white. Algæ are found on every coast, from the poles to the equator, and they vary in different latitudes. The greens are the most common and the most hardy; they abound in polar regions. The olive belongs to temperate latitudes, and the red to the warmer climes. But in the temperate zones all three of the colors are found. The green grow near high-water mark; the olive lower down, and the red Algæ, or sea-moss, as I prefer to call it, has its home yet farther down into the sea. Only at the very lowest tides can we see it where it grows from the rich ocean soil, or clinging to the rocks.

It is a great mistake to think ocean's floor a vast sandy plain, or a wild region of sterile mountains. There are deserts in the sea as well as on the land; but there are also im-

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measurable fertile, fruitful plains in the aqueous world. Some of these Algæ have stems as long as the trunk of the tallest tree, and leaves, or "fronds," that rival in size the leaf of the palm.

These, however, are not precisely the plants that young ladies seek for in the sea and press upon paper. So much interest has been expressed by persons who have had no opportunity for sea-side studies, in the work of preparing these pretty mosses, that the thought of making a sketch of it for the Repository occurred to me.

It is largely from the West that the voice of this interest and curiosity comes. The moss-seekers go at low tide prepared for rough adventures, and sometimes meet such. Frequently the wind blows savagely at the very hour most propitious to moss finding. And no one who has not attempted the thing has an idea of the effort required to keep yourself on your feet, upon sea-weed and slippery rocks, or out of the sea when a resolute and vehement wind is determined to throw you down, or to cast you in.

Away out into the rocks go the moss-seekers, after having carefully examined the exposed beach. There they stand struggling with the wind, and frequently shouting back and forth to each other of what treasure they have secured or lost. They are provided with a pail and a long hooked stick, and their practiced eyes know well their prey. With much slipping and stumbling about over the slimy rocks, and occasionally the sitting unwittingly down into the cold water, the desired number of mosses is at last secured, the pail is filled with water, and, fortunate if not surprised by the return tide, the moss-seekers go home. The exciting and merry part of the work is over, and now comes the labor.

In one of the volumes of the Smithsonian Library is a page of directions for the pressing of sea-mosses, which might reasonably terrify any reader from ever attempting the task. All that need be said of these directions is, that they were given by a professor of the Dublin University, and that they are in character.

What is really necessary to be done is, that the mosses be washed clean, placed carefully on white paper, in any way most convenient to the worker. I like best a large white bowl in my lap. I place my hand under the paper, which must be just below the surface of the water, drop the moss into the paper, and with a large brass pin or a sharp stick, pick out and float out the moss till its tiny branches are all extended; then, very slowly and carefully, I lift the paper and pin it up somewhere to dry.

When it is dry place it between smooth pasteboards, press it heavily for some hours, and the work is done. When skillfully arranged these mosses are scarcely to be distinguished from the finest drawings. Many will not believe that the mosses themselves are there. "O! yes, I understand," says a friend, "you press the mosses on, and this is their impression; but how do you ever get them off so nicely?" The work is difficult and very tiresome, but "it pays" if well done. Mosses, all but the red ones, may be dried and sent any where; then soaked out and pressed so as to look quite pretty. Fresh water changes the color of some of them. Heat also will change the color of some of the olives to a bright green. Each moss has its inhabitants. With a lens we behold in them manifold wonders of God.

How great is the Lord our God, how wonderful his knowledge and power, and how delicate, as well as loving and kind, are his ministrations, that while he has upon him the care of all the suns and systems, he also nourishes and cherishes such atoms of life as we here behold!

That God is great and wise his humblest works declare; but revelation alone teaches conclusively that he is good. In nature there is much that is calculated to inspire terror and distrust of the Maker and Ruler of all.

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#### JOURNAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

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BY HELEN E. CUTLER.

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#### NUMBER VI.

MISS MURRAY found out, when she was in this country, that ladies, traveling alone, met with better treatment for being well dressed.

Is that a fact peculiar to our country? Is not good apparel a passport to favor any where? "Other things being equal," will not the best-dressed person meet with the best treatment, any where, in any country, that is, from the majority of people? There is once in a while a chivalrous spirit who is always searching for worth in rags, and who would make it a merit to help a ragged, ugly old woman, sooner than a beautiful, well-dressed young one. But these are rare. There are few that will recognize the guinea without the stamp.

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw will pierce it."

And fine apparel and rags are the badges of wealth and poverty. By these men are divided into two great classes.

A friend of mine, a lawyer, took advantage

of this peculiarity of human nature, leaning to the side where power may seem to lie. He had a client who was covered with these badges of poverty, rags. They fluttered to the breeze like flags, and were surmounted by a tattered straw hat, that set the seal upon his poverty and wretchedness. He was indigence and squalidness personified.

He had been arrested for some petty pilfering. The proof was strong against him. He would be convicted, probably, and sent to the penitentiary.

His lawyer, a young man, but recently admitted to the bar, and to whom clients were not very plenty, asked him if he could not obtain a decent suit of clothes to appear in in court. The young man—he was young and not ill-looking by nature—said he had a cousin who had a new suit of clothes that he thought he would lend him.

"Get them at once, then," said the young lawyer. "Mind that you have the boots well blacked. Display a good front of shirt bosom. Go to the barber's and get your hair cut, and get clean shaved, and be sure and have your hands and face clean when you come into court." The fellow went off with alacrity to obey these directions. On the evening of that day, as the lawyer sat in his office, a respectable-looking stranger entered. He suspended his writing to await his business, looking at him expectantly after exchanging a "good day, sir," and motioning him to a chair.

The gentleman—he looked like one—after a few moments' silence, said, "You told me to come to the office this evening."

"Your name sir, I do n't remember," the lawyer began; then seeing a peculiar expression upon the face of his visitor, the truth flashed upon him. It was his ragged client thus metamorphosed by his new suit of clothes.

He could not help laughing at the change in him. He sat erect, had an air of self-respect, instead of the slouching, sneaking one that had belonged to him in his old clothes, and, altogether, bore the part of a man of weight.

Would any intelligent jury convict a man of so good an appearance as that of stealing a pig at midnight, and bearing it—stifling its squeals—away under his coat, or of robbing the hen-roost of his neighbor, not to mention several smaller acts of the same sort, if such there can be?

Would a man of such polished boots, and so white and shining a shirt front, stoop to things like these? The idea was absurd. The event proved according to the shrewd lawyer's calculation. The man was entirely cleared from the

crimes imputed to him, and went his way rejoicing.

I was in at Mrs. Ingersoll's to-day—she is a cousin of cousin Allen's—and she discoursed something in this wise:

The bane of life is things. I can prove it. I have had personal experience in the matter. I have been overwhelmed with things. I have had my life worried out of me—a portion of it—by things. At home I am surrounded by things that annoy me. If I journey from home, things must accompany me. My evil genius is things—troops and swarms of evil geniuses, that goad and prick me worse than the Lilliputians did Gulliver. O, for an escape from things! "A lodge in some vast wilderness" would be welcome if I could escape from things.

I wanted to go and pay a few weeks' visit to a friend, but I could not do it without being incumbered, flanked, surrounded by things. I wanted to take a walk in the country, but I could not do it without being incumbered, weighed down by things. Where is my parasol, give me my gloves, my hat and vail. I must put on some outside wrap, though the weather is so warm I would fain take off one-half the weight of dry goods I at present have on. O, the weariness, the weight of things! It takes away all the pleasure of cooking, the things that must be used in the process, and the number of things that must be cooked to make out the assortment of a meal.

"Big plates and little plates,  
Knives and forks to right 'em,  
Big spoons and little spoons,  
And so, ad infinitum."

All these things have to be maneuvered to get the meal, and then they all have to be maneuvered back to their places. It is change, chassee across, right and left, from morning till night.

When you go to bed, the things that you have to take off, when you get up, the things that you have to put on! I playfully reminded her of the man who hung himself from very weariness of taking off his clothes and putting them on every day. She said, "He had reason," and laughing went on. "When you go on a journey the things that you have to put up, the things you have to see to on the way, the things that you have to lumber up your friends' houses with, if you go on a visit, and the things that you have to disembowel and arrange again in presses, on shelves, etc.—O, the wearisomeness of things! The things that we must have in our houses to be cleaned, arranged, moved about!"

Thinking it over, I thought, "thereby hangs"

much truth. We are slaves to things, and I remembered how Thoreau threw away some specimens a scientific friend had given him, and which he had arranged on his window when he found they wanted dusting every morning. I must try to think how far these matters may be remedied, sometime, by simplifying, etc.

A few thoughts occurred to me to-day which I will put down, and enlarge upon them at some future time. They are not new, but they are of those things of which we need to be often reminded, to have them influence our practice as they ought.

A pleasant table is of great importance; a table with a clean cloth as a foundation fact, with bright-looking dishes, well-cooked food, and garlanded, as I may say, by pleasant faces. But don't the condition of the table make some difference in the expression of the faces around it, as those who surround it are affected pleasantly or unpleasantly by it? Pleasant conversation is one of the best garnishes of a meal; it not only makes us enjoy the meal better while we are eating it, but it digests better when taken pleasantly; our food does us more good, assimilates more readily, so those say who understand these things, and it is no doubt true.

But an ill-cooked, ill-served, ill-arranged meal does not tend to open the flood-gates of conversation of a pleasant kind. It incites to grumbling if there are those present who are licensed to grumble, and that is not a pleasant accompaniment of a meal, and does not help digestion.

I have been thinking again to-day upon the subject of noise in the house—household noises, perhaps I might call it—what a source of annoyance they may be to others, when we ourselves are unconscious of them.

Much of this noise may be unnecessary. The business of a house can not be carried on without some noise; but we common people, who live so near to the machinery, ought to try to make it move with as little friction as possible.

An appearance of bustle and fussiness, too, about a house, is to be avoided. This is more unpleasant and more apparent to lookers-on than to ourselves. We should endeavor to have things go on quietly and smoothly, with as little display of the means by which they are moved.

(Broken off by a call from cousin Abby.)

I was writing about keeping the machinery out of sight and hearing as much as possible,

but I don't know what else I was going to say, so I will begin anew.

The noise of children, to which parents are accustomed so that they do not notice it, and to whom it is less unpleasant, of course, than if they do notice it, may be very annoying, painful, and distracting to others, old people, or others in the family, or occasional comers. This is not enough thought of, I am afraid. If grandma or grandpa complains, she is troublesome, if she does not, she suffers.

Of course children can not be always kept quiet. It would be a wrong to them to require them to be. But they should be taught that they must sometimes moderate their boisterousness for the sake of others. They should be taught early that we can not always do what is pleasant to us without interfering with the comfort of somebody else, and we ought to think of these things.

I know that when Norton comes in sometimes with his sharp whistle, that it is unpleasant to Aunt Milly, though she would not say so; and I have told him that the pain to Aunt Milly was greater than the pleasure to him, and that, therefore, as she was so good to him, covering his balls, and helping him about his kites, etc., he ought to try to think and do his whistling outside when she is present. He is naturally kind, only thoughtless, and he seldom forgets himself now.

The spirit of true kindness does much toward oiling the machinery of a household, because it makes us think of these things.

There are some noises in families that live remote from the common noises of the house—those that pertain to the work—that may be made very annoying to members of the family, and others who are forced to listen to them whether they are in the mood or not. The piano may be made such an annoyance, even when it is a good instrument, well played.

There is always a soul of good in things evil, if we had the alchemy to extract it. We are too apt to condemn things in the lump. Even scandal, which is "ugly and venomous," may yet "bear a precious jewel in its head." Perhaps those sins and transgressions that do not come under the penalty of the law—they are legion, and they work, O, so much misery—perhaps they should be punished by the lash of honest tongues, their perpetrators held up to public view for the evil they work when there is no other way to deter them from it.

Most people who are cruel, who are mean, who do evil when there is no fear of punishment, are cowardly. Many of them, if they felt

they were acting in the eye of the world, would desist from their evil courses. If we could influence them in this way, we should not only benefit those whom they would injure, but themselves, for the exercise of any bad passions strengthens them. So of the good; and if we can by any means induce a person to exercise the good that is in him, instead of the evil, we do a service not only to him, but to humanity. This is trite, but we do not bear it in mind enough. Take a child about equally balanced between tendencies to good or evil—there are many such—place it among those who will appeal only to what is wrong in its nature, bringing it out and strengthening it, and he may grow up a marked bad character, whereas under opposite treatment he might have been useful and happy. I believe this. I believe I have seen the effects of influences of these kinds. I have seen children good with the good, who, when with the warped and corrupt, showed evil tendencies; the bad in their natures cropping out, coming to the surface.

Mrs. Jones told Mrs. or Miss Brown, and she told it to Mrs. Smith, etc. Query: Is it not as often Mr. Jones, or Brown, or Smith? Perhaps not. According to tradition it is not; according to commonly-received opinion it is not; yet this is not always infallible, either with regard to things or people. "Common fame is seldom to blame," the old adage says, which means that people are usually rated by public opinion for about what they are worth. We may mistake by receiving this too implicitly. Public opinion often does great injustice to people, awarding them virtues they do not possess, condemning them when they merit praise. Common opinion sees only the surface of character.

But I can not discuss that now. The question is whether women are more addicted to talking about their neighbors than men are. Possibly women are more apt to repeat any little thing they hear about their neighbors than men are. They have not so many things of more importance to take up their minds as men have. Possibly they are more curious about the affairs of their neighbors, partly for the same reason, and partly, perhaps, because they have a spice more of curiosity in their composition. Was it not so in the beginning? Was not Eve curious to know the taste of the forbidden fruit?

It is proverbial that if a woman knows a secret she must tell it to somebody, it burns in her bosom otherwise. What was that? Some one told a secret to the wave, the wave whispered it to the oar, the oar told it to the sailor,

the sailor told it to his fair, and she, she told it every-where. Well, we must have some foibles and weaknesses to overbalance those that be-long to "the party of the other part." It would not do to be all perfection in this imperfect state.

## THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY MRS. ANNIE HOWE THOMSON.

THE rain, the rain,  
The cool, sweet Summer rain;  
How 't is falling, softly calling,  
With a rich, melodious strain,  
From its thousand silvery voices!  
And the earth, how it rejoices,  
That so long hath thirsty lain!  
Longing so, and grieving, sighing,  
O'er the leaves, and flowers dying;  
O'er the parched and drooping grain;  
O'er the withering vines and grasses,  
Where the sad breeze, as it passes,  
Murmurs forth its bitter pain!  
To the birds, which chant above it,  
That there's nothing left to love it;  
That its music floats in vain,  
Since the flowers are drooping, dying,  
And the leaves all listless lying,  
Since the clouds withheld the rain,  
The cool, refreshing rain!

The rain, the rain,  
The welcome, welcome rain;  
Hark! 't is calling,  
How 't is falling  
On the thirsty earth again!  
Now it plashes,  
Now it dashes  
'Gainst my chamber window pane;  
Now it murmurs  
Of lost Summers,  
With a low and sweet refrain;  
And it bringeth,  
As it singeth,  
Brightest blessings in its train!  
From the southlands,  
From the cloudlands;  
From the deep, mysterious main!  
Life, to all the drooping flowers,  
To the leaflets in their bowers,  
To the rose a richer stain.  
And the red fruit blushes deeper,  
While each wasted vine and creeper  
Feels through every throbbing vein  
The fresh life-current stealing,  
Like to that which wakened feeling,  
In the widow's son of Nain.  
And the breezes, 'mong the grasses,  
Chanting low and solemn masses,  
And the brooklet on the plain,  
With the bobolinks and thrushes,  
Tell their joy in silvery gushes  
As the precious draught they drain!

While our prayers of deep thanksgiving,  
To the Father of all living,  
Reaches up a golden chain,  
As we listen to the murmur  
Of the blessed, welcome comer,  
The sweet, refreshing rain,  
The pleasant Summer rain!

## EVENING HYMN.

HELP me, my God and King,  
Rightly thy praise to sing,  
And thee for every thing  
Ever adore:

For all thy light to-day,  
Lighting my darksome way,  
With its celestial ray  
Going before:

For that rich heavenly food,  
Feast of thy flesh and blood,  
Life, strength, and healthful mood  
Quick'ning in me:

And for my safe retreat  
From the world's storm and heat,  
Under thy mercy-seat  
Hiding in thee:

Lord, in thy loving voice  
Let my cold heart rejoice;  
O, may my ready choice  
Make thee my guest!

Somber the night, and drear,  
O, let me find thee near,  
My fainting soul to cheer  
With quiet rest!

On that dear breast of thine  
May I my head recline,  
And may that touch Divine  
Thrill through my soul!

Cleansing away all dross,  
Counting all else but loss,  
May I thy sacred Cross  
Take for my goal!

Strong in the strength of God,  
Freed from my sinful load,  
Daily to tread the road  
Leading to thee.

Shield, sword, and helmet—thine,  
Strength, courage, aid—Divine,  
Only this body—mine;  
So let it be.

Keen be the fight below,  
Hard be the tempter's blow,  
Nothing can overthrow  
Whom thou dost keep.

Waiting thy great behest,  
I lay me down to rest;  
Calm thou my troubled breast,  
Grant me sweet sleep.

E. S. D.

## THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

BY HENRY B. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

ARTIFICIAL language represents very imperfect sentiments prompted by the deeper emotions or passions, yet soul and body are so delicately connected that every disturbance of the one sends its own peculiar wave over the surface of the other. These have been termed the involuntary signs—the natural language. The great Roman orator, who knew so well how to touch every chord of the human heart, fully appreciated the significancy of these external signs—this God-appointed language of emotion and passion. "Every impulse of the mind," said he, "has from nature its own peculiar look, and intonation, and gesture." This language of nature exposes more or less to the view of the beholder every passion and emotion that arises in the heart.

It is a language too intelligible to the unlearned, the uncultivated, and inexperienced. It is true that the more delicate and less clearly-defined expressions require some study and experience; yet there are manifestations that are plain and patent to every mind of ordinary perceptive power. Some of these signs, it is true, are common to several passions; others, however, are peculiar to one. Admiration and mirth, fear and despair, jealousy and revenge, love and sympathy, beauty and sublimity each has an external expression peculiar to itself. Of the external signs of the emotions and passions, those that appear upon the countenance generally disappear with the emotions that produced them. The poet has expressed the thought:

"I felt that I could almost trace  
The thoughts that heaved her breast,  
So plainly in her changeful face  
Her feelings were expressed."

But often an emotion or passion by frequent recurrence will stamp itself upon the countenance and write indelibly character or expression there that lasts till it molders and dissolves in the charnel-house. These natural signs constitute a common language. The African and Arab, American or European can comprehend it with equal clearness. Nobody fails in referring each sign to its proper passion. Even the infant can be made to coo and smile, or shrink with fear or cry out in its distress, as love and approval or anger and severity are expressed by the countenance of the nurse. The Author of our nature has doubtless designed these signs of passion and emotion to subserve various and manifold benevolent ends.

Arbitrary and equivocal words have a double meaning, and their true signification is often made clear by the accompanying external signs which show precisely the nature of the agitation within. The factitious words may be measured and modified by the trained controlling mind; but the mien, the trembling utterance, the significant expression of the divine countenance will oftentimes reveal most distinctly the passion burning at the heart. Now, man's nature is social; God designed him for society, and it is evident that social feeling may be very sensibly promoted by the instrumentality of this universal language. A look, an expression of the human face divine, will often go to our hearts and lead us to believe, nay, to feel, that we have found a worthy friend and companion, because we have caught the reflection of the soul shadowed forth in a faithful mirror. Moreover, that there are so many external signs of passion is a strong indication that man in his very constitution is framed to be open and sincere. A child's intellections and emotions beam from his eye and speak in almost articulate tone from his whole face. As we grow older, and, as we fancy, wiser, through the instrumentality of a thousand causes, we school ourselves to resist *ordinarily* the promptings of nature, and to repress and fetter many of the natural signs of emotion and passion. Yet a vivid passion will break over all these barriers, melt the lava from the incrusted heart, and in spite of the strongest effort of the will, speak through the eye and look and expression an inarticulate, yet plain and intelligible language. Hence, absolute hypocrisy—to appear entirely what we are not, and to be wholly not what we appear—is impossible; because nature here sets itself over against dissimulation, and approves and supports simplicity and truth. The evidence of virtuous and benevolent design is here most apparent, inasmuch as it is easy to see that this peculiarity of man's constitution prevents much harm in society.

But nature has also appointed certain sounds and peculiar tones for the external expression of each separate passion. It is the knowledge and ready command of the tone which nature demands that constitutes the chief excellence of the fine reader. Though passion is not really an object of the outward sense, its natural external signs are, and these are indeed more effective than words. There are other kinds of voluntary and natural signs, such as the gesture and mien, which, with most extraordinary uniformity, accompany certain emotions and passions. When these, and the tone belonging to the passion, are at the command of the orator

or actor, there is no power of resistance left in the human heart. He becomes for the time at least irresistible.

Artificial language is doubtless the principal and most important vehicle of thought; and emotion and passion find in it powerful expression, yet those that have properly considered the comparative effect of words and gestures in the communication of ideas, uniformly agree that the latter are often the more effective. It has been remarked that to order one to leave the room is not so expressive as simply to point to the door, or to whisper, "Be silent," is not so significant as to place the fingers upon the lips. A Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders expresses more than any combination of words can convey. Moreover, it is to be observed that where oral language is employed to represent an emotion or passion, the strongest effect is produced by exclamations, or the utterance of phrases and broken sentences. All this is philosophical, and results from the fact that words being but arbitrary signs, uttered to convey thoughts and ideas, there must necessarily be some friction resulting from the combination of these arbitrary signs so as to form sentences. That is, a portion of the mind must be consumed or monopolized in getting the idea from the uttered signs, leaving consequently but a portion to rest upon the idea itself. Hence the most effective speakers, and especially great dramatic writers, most uniformly use that style of language or combination of words, which produces the greatest quantity of thought with the smallest quantity of words. For the accomplishment of this the study of nature and a proper analysis of the best specimens of the most successful delineations of emotion and passion will be the best instructors.

There are certain emotions common to every heart whose external manifestations are such as to distinguish them each from the other, and which may be classed under the head of grave and gay. As sources of enjoyment the latter, though they appear to the careless observer the most important and attractive, are in reality the least important and far less satisfactory to the human spirit. They are the most showy, but the least abundant in springs of enjoyment. There is an emotion which is neither joy nor sorrow, but apparently occupying a boundary very little separated from either, which, from childhood to the end of life, is a source of the gentlest and most pleasant delight. It is a highly-refined emotion, best known to men of reflective habits, and has given origin to some of the sublimest productions in poetry, oratory,

and fiction. It is termed pensiveness, and produces a peculiar relation between the mind and the heart. There is an objection lying against this yielding of the mind to pensive reverie. It has been said that an inclination in this direction, if indulged, will weaken the intellect and unfit us for actual life—will cause us to form ideas of beauty which can never be realized, and plans of usefulness that never can be consummated; in short, makes of us "dreamers." A morbid resignation to such a feeling may have this result, yet it should be remembered that we have been created beings of imagination, we are all dreamers here, and he who prides himself most upon being a practical "Gradgrind" is often the veriest dreamer of us all. This emotion steals upon us unawares. If we seek its origin, we can refer it to no subjective nor objective cause. We would rather be disposed to reply in the language of the poet:

"The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
And yet I can not tell thee why  
I'm pleased and yet I'm sad."

The experience of man in reference to the grave emotions is an argument in favor of a moral government and benevolent design in caring for all that is virtuous and good, which no infidelity can deny. When man's conscience is clear, that is, when there is no clashing between his will and the law of right, there is no degree of grief which can extinguish all joy; and the joy will be the more pure and permeating from the very sorrow that envelops it.

Moreover, Benevolent Design has so woven hope into the woof of our being that we can secure pleasure from that which we may never actually possess, enjoy, by anticipation, delights and blessings, which the future has in store for us, even while the present is dark and sorrowful.

"All disappointments pass away!  
The darkest hour foretokens day.  
Amid life's ills hope's glimm'ring ray  
Reveals a brighter morrow!  
Amid life's darkest storm, a gleam  
Of sunshine on its rushing stream  
Will often, like a pleasant dream,  
Dispel the clouds of sorrow."

We sometimes hear of griefs and afflictions that produce despair. But this is a negative term, only indicating a less degree of hope. In Tennyson's "In Memoriam" we see grief, heart-felt, eloquent of woe, yet submissive and hoping. In Poe's wonderful creation, "The Raven," if we are to judge of it as a metaphorical illustration of his own condition, there is perhaps

the nearest approach to the notes of despair upon record.

"And the Raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas,  
Just above my chamber-door:  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a demon's that is dreaming;  
And the lamp light o'er him streaming,  
Throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

—  
"BETWIXT THE MOUNT AND MULTITUDE."

BY JULIA DAY.

JOHN in the desert seems a person unlike John baptizing the multitude.

Was the preacher of repentance led forth by a sudden and mysterious transformation? Did the Spirit of God seize upon his soul, annulling, at once, the laws of habit and feeling, then supplying all by the plenitude of inspiration?

This is not the plan of nature or of grace. It was no casual occurrence that John "was in the deserts till the day of his shewing to Israel." He who sent an angel to foretell his birth, surrounded his childhood by religious influences, and when his soul was imbued with teachings of the law and the prophets, guided and strengthened him in his solitude, preparing him to go forth, the glorious herald of the Prince of Peace. Long ere this, Zachariah and Elisabeth had walked "in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless." The priest with his sealed lips must have thought intently of the dealings of Jehovah; and, as the result of his long silence, who can tell how much of earnest faith was added to his paternal instructions? Elisabeth, too, was filled with the Holy Ghost when she met the mother of her Lord with inspired greeting.

But even their teaching was not enough. He needed to remain in the desert, living on simple fare, till at length, with every power and appetite in perfect discipline, he became a sign and a reproof to all the trifling, dissipated human race.

Those busy Jews, who went daily to their toil or their merchandise, forgetful of the prophecies, were astonished when he came "in the spirit and power of Elijah," rebuking sin; still more when he pointed to a Messiah who had long been living in the obscure village of Nazareth, blessing earth and hallowing it forever by

the example of a perfect childhood and a spotless youth.

At John's stern rebuke, men trembled and confessed their sins. They counted him a prophet then; but long ere this, could they have looked upon him in his solitude, they might have seen the glance of that righteous indignation which moved in his great heart like "the pent-up fires of a volcano." Even then he knew the multitude. He knew how, day after day, they vexed the lower tribes, tortured each other, and insulted God—then dropped into their graves.

He saw the holiness of God, the guilt of man, and the approaching judgment so vividly, that when he spoke the multitude, like him, beheld the ax "laid at the root of the tree," and shrank from the blow of Divine justice. They saw themselves, as he saw them, pygmies before him and in the sight of Heaven.

Could the favor of Herod bribe him, or the fear of persecution influence him not to condemn sin? Such considerations were but childish toys to one who had communed with God in prayer and through his Word for years.

John was called of God to be "a prophet of the Highest," "to go before the face of the Lord," but that grace which gave him inspiration, acted through his human nature, making every habit and every power of mind a channel of communication and a point of contact with the outer world. He was clothed with power, but it was like the verdure of the trees, which is not bestowed upon them by outward deposition, but comes up in the life-current to form a robe of beauty.

Let self-indulgent men say what they will about the folly of punishing the feeble frame to benefit the soul within; there always was, and always will be, power in that self-control which borders upon asceticism. Among those who came to the baptism of John, none were awed more than the effeminate lovers of luxury; none were inspired with more confidence when they saw his raiment of camel's hair and his leather girdle.

In him the social ties and common sympathies of life were seen but as a ripple on that strong tide which bore the soul on to its mission. With strange and solemn reverence we admire such a character, and are not surprised to hear our Savior say, "There has not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Those who would move the multitude like John, must first gain strength, like him, in awful solitude alone with God. But let none think that sanctity lives only in "the shadow of the hills;" for some who dwell in crowded streets find room for solitude in their own hearts, while some go to the woods "whose

very air is holy," and there think of trifling things, or even yield to him who tempted Jesus in the wilderness. No hermit's cell nor sacred grove can dignify a dwarfish soul. They who would offer up a world which they despise, in hope of buying heaven, and thus make their lives useless—in the language of Dr. Johnson's hermit—will "be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

It is by solitary quiet thought that indefinite notions are wrought into bold ideas or convictions of duty which can never be lost; and the mind imbued with one deathless, strong desire, transmits its feelings to others, as naturally as the magnet bestows its power upon pieces of iron.

What power had Peter the hermit to go forth and rouse all Europe? How did he make all classes feel that gaining possession of the Holy Land, would give on earth the assurance and almost the bliss of the Upper Canaan? His ideas were in accordance with the spirit of his times; his strength lay in his years of hermit life. Not what he had done, but what he felt made him a leader. He loved the land which had been brightened by the footsteps of the Redeemer; it was madness to think of it as polluted by the irreverent and the unbelieving. In his eyes that was a glorious life which helped to redeem from such vile thralldom, but one of those sacred spots destined to cheer the future ages by their unsading memories.

Bunyan's wonderful dream was induced by the enforced retirement of a prison; and Luther, in the Wartburg, probably did more than he could have done abroad.

Fenelon and Madame Guyon were reproached for teaching Quietism; but it is certain that none of the stirring and more worldly teachers of their day have exerted such an influence upon their own and succeeding times.

But higher than all other examples, more important in its teaching than even the life of him who was "more than a prophet," is the example of Christ, "who departed in a mountain to pray," and came down to heal those who touched "but the border of his garment."

The Christian, more than all other thinkers, should seek "the still hour." The memory is a powerful lens which conscience, when undisturbed, loves to hold steadily above the heart till it melts; then may the image of its Lord be impressed upon it so as never to be effaced by the abrading influences of daily care. "We can not, then, too keenly feel, each one for himself, that a still and sacred life with God must energize all holy duty, as vigor in every fiber of the body must come from the strong, calm, faithful beat of the heart."

## KALAMPIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE GASPARIN.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

THIS odd name belonged to a no less singular figure which I see pictured in a corner of my ante-chamber in Paris—the figure of a negro. It half conceals itself behind the seat, and if no notice is taken of it, it remains there as mute, as motionless, as the little porcelain negroes, candle-bearers, which are placed in the great halls of the Venetian palaces. You have seen them with their woolly heads, their caciques diadems, their golden bracelets, their sky-blue tunics, their red cushions, a costume half Oriental, half Louis Quinze.

This negro of mine had neither diadem nor bracelets, nor even a sky-blue tunic. Neither had he a red cushion. He crouched in an abject position; he was old and ugly—ugly but exquisitely clean. He had formerly held, I know not what office—intendant or major-domo in a Creole family, which had now disappeared. A coat, the age of which no one could tell, shining in many places through excessive brushing, enveloped his shrunken limbs. His shirt, rich with starch, dazzlingly white, swelled out like a cuirass over his breast. He had on his feet boots which always shone, however deep might be the mud. His hands, which carefully held a hat, battered indeed, but polished to the loss of its last hair, were covered with gloves, formerly straw-color, but now of an indefinable hue.

I said that Kalampin did not speak. Two reasons closed his mouth—his unfamiliarity with our language and his excessive timidity. Timidity is not the word; humility is what I mean.

Some men are humble from virtue. To bring them to that point many struggles and prayers have been needed. Not so Kalampin. He was humble because he naturally thought no good of himself. To tell the truth, he never thought of himself at all. His own person was a stranger to him. He did not look at his own actions, he did not hear himself speak, he did not pity his own sorrows, he hardly realized them. His thoughts, in their perfect simplicity, did not form the thousand circles of which self is the center. He expected little, asked still less, and when any one aided him his astonishment bordered on ecstasy.

From time to time he came, cautious, close-mouthed, and crouched in the corner of which I have spoken. If, in passing by, I saw him, it was well; that was enough. If I did not

the nearest approach to the notes of despair upon record.

"And the Raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas,  
Just above my chamber-door:  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a demon's that is dreaming;  
And the lamp light o'er him streaming,  
Throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow  
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JOHN in the desert seems a person unlike John baptizing the multitude.

Was the preacher of repentance led forth by a sudden and mysterious transformation? Did the Spirit of God seize upon his soul, annulling, at once, the laws of habit and feeling, then supplying all by the plenitude of inspiration?

This is not the plan of nature or of grace. It was no casual occurrence that John "was in the deserts till the day of his shewing to Israel." He who sent an angel to foretell his birth, surrounded his childhood by religious influences, and when his soul was imbued with teachings of the law and the prophets, guided and strengthened him in his solitude, preparing him to go forth, the glorious herald of the Prince of Peace. Long ere this, Zachariah and Elisabeth had walked "in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless." The priest with his sealed lips must have thought intently of the dealings of Jehovah; and, as the result of his long silence, who can tell how much of earnest faith was added to his paternal instructions? Elisabeth, too, was filled with the Holy Ghost when she met the mother of her Lord with inspired greeting.

But even their teaching was not enough. He needed to remain in the desert, living on simple fare, till at length, with every power and appetite in perfect discipline, he became a sign and a reproof to all the trifling, dissipated human race.

Those busy Jews, who went daily to their toil or their merchandise, forgetful of the prophecies, were astonished when he came "in the spirit and power of Elijah," rebuking sin; still more when he pointed to a Messiah who had long been living in the obscure village of Nazareth, blessing earth and hallowing it forever by

the example of a perfect childhood and a spotless youth.

At John's stern rebuke, men trembled and confessed their sins. They counted him a prophet then; but long ere this, could they have looked upon him in his solitude, they might have seen the glance of that righteous indignation which moved in his great heart like "the pent-up fires of a volcano." Even then he knew the multitude. He knew how, day after day, they vexed the lower tribes, tortured each other, and insulted God—then dropped into their graves.

He saw the holiness of God, the guilt of man, and the approaching judgment so vividly, that when he spoke the multitude, like him, beheld the ax "laid at the root of the tree," and shrank from the blow of Divine justice. They saw themselves, as he saw them, pygmies before him and in the sight of Heaven.

Could the favor of Herod bribe him, or the fear of persecution influence him not to condemn sin? Such considerations were but childish toys to one who had communed with God in prayer and through his Word for years.

John was called of God to be "a prophet of the Highest," "to go before the face of the Lord," but that grace which gave him inspiration, acted through his human nature, making every habit and every power of mind a channel of communication and a point of contact with the outer world. He was clothed with power, but it was like the verdure of the trees, which is not bestowed upon them by outward deposition, but comes up in the life-current to form a robe of beauty.

Let self-indulgent men say what they will about the folly of punishing the feeble frame to benefit the soul within; there always was, and always will be, power in that self-control which borders upon asceticism. Among those who came to the baptism of John, none were awed more than the effeminate lovers of luxury; none were inspired with more confidence when they saw his raiment of camel's hair and his leather girdle.

In him the social ties and common sympathies of life were seen but as a ripple on that strong tide which bore the soul on to its mission. With strange and solemn reverence we admire such a character, and are not surprised to hear our Savior say, "There has not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Those who would move the multitude like John, must first gain strength, like him, in awful solitude alone with God. But let none think that sanctity lives only in "the shadow of the hills;" for some who dwell in crowded streets find room for solitude in their own hearts, while some go to the woods "whose

very air is holy," and there think of trifling things, or even yield to him who tempted Jesus in the wilderness. No hermit's cell nor sacred grove can dignify a dwarfish soul. They who would offer up a world which they despise, in hope of buying heaven, and thus make their lives useless—in the language of Dr. Johnson's hermit—will "be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

It is by solitary quiet thought that indefinite notions are wrought into bold ideas or convictions of duty which can never be lost; and the mind imbued with one deathless, strong desire, transmits its feelings to others, as naturally as the magnet bestows its power upon pieces of iron.

What power had Peter the hermit to go forth and rouse all Europe? How did he make all classes feel that gaining possession of the Holy Land, would give on earth the assurance and almost the bliss of the Upper Canaan? His ideas were in accordance with the spirit of his times; his strength lay in his years of hermit life. Not what he had done, but what he felt made him a leader. He loved the land which had been brightened by the footsteps of the Redeemer; it was madness to think of it as polluted by the irreverent and the unbelieving. In his eyes that was a glorious life which helped to redeem from such vile thralldom, but one of those sacred spots destined to cheer the future ages by their unfading memories.

Bunyan's wonderful dream was induced by the enforced retirement of a prison; and Luther, in the Wartburg, probably did more than he could have done abroad.

Fenelon and Madame Guyon were reproached for teaching Quietism; but it is certain that none of the stirring and more worldly teachers of their day have exerted such an influence upon their own and succeeding times.

But higher than all other examples, more important in its teaching than even the life of him who was "more than a prophet," is the example of Christ, "who departed in a mountain to pray," and came down to heal those who touched "but the border of his garment."

The Christian, more than all other thinkers, should seek "the still hour." The memory is a powerful lens which conscience, when undisturbed, loves to hold steadily above the heart till it melts; then may the image of its Lord be impressed upon it so as never to be effaced by the abrading influences of daily care. "We can not, then, too keenly feel, each one for himself, that a still and sacred life with God must energize all holy duty, as vigor in every fiber of the body must come from the strong, calm, faithful beat of the heart."

## KALAMPIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE GASPARIN.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

THIS odd name belonged to a no less singular figure which I see pictured in a corner of my ante-chamber in Paris—the figure of a negro. It half conceals itself behind the seat, and if no notice is taken of it, it remains there as mute, as motionless, as the little porcelain negroes, candle-bearers, which are placed in the great halls of the Venetian palaces. You have seen them with their woolly heads, their *caciques* diadems, their golden bracelets, their sky-blue tunics, their red cushions, a costume half Oriental, half Louis Quinze.

This negro of mine had neither diadem nor bracelets, nor even a sky-blue tunic. Neither had he a red cushion. He crouched in an abject position; he was old and ugly—ugly but exquisitely clean. He had formerly held, I know not what office—intendant or major-domo in a Creole family, which had now disappeared. A coat, the age of which no one could tell, shining in many places through excessive brushing, enveloped his shrunken limbs. His shirt, rich with starch, dazzlingly white, swelled out like a cuirass over his breast. He had on his feet boots which always shone, however deep might be the mud. His hands, which carefully held a hat, battered indeed, but polished to the loss of its last hair, were covered with gloves, formerly straw-color, but now of an indefinable hue.

I said that Kalampin did not speak. Two reasons closed his mouth—his unfamiliarity with our language and his excessive timidity. Timidity is not the word; humility is what I mean.

Some men are humble from virtue. To bring them to that point many struggles and prayers have been needed. Not so Kalampin. He was humble because he naturally thought no good of himself. To tell the truth, he never thought of himself at all. His own person was a stranger to him. He did not look at his own actions, he did not hear himself speak, he did not pity his own sorrows, he hardly realized them. His thoughts, in their perfect simplicity, did not form the thousand circles of which self is the center. He expected little, asked still less, and when any one aided him his astonishment bordered on ecstasy.

From time to time he came, cautious, close-mouthed, and crouched in the corner of which I have spoken. If, in passing by, I saw him, it was well; that was enough. If I did not

see him he remained silent. Without the providence of others he would have left as he came.

Now, the effect which this reserve and deference, and these explosions of gratitude, had upon me, was to shake my conscience more deeply, I avow it to my shame, than ten fine sermons upon charity would have done.

In the presence of this silent and modest creature, who received the smallest gift as heavenly manna, one of those sudden questions rose in my mind of which the severity freezes the blood—sharp questions of unavoidable directness, truths which start out of the shadow, the result of which is a confusion, or more than that, a distress which only leaves us cast down with the weight of our sin at the feet of Him who pardons.

Kalampin, simple creature, would have been very much astonished at the direction he gave my thoughts.

To the respect with which all men inspired him, to his traditional reverence toward the aristocracy, was united an incomparable veneration for the white race.

Now he, poor, black, and old as he was, possessed a treasure of which the contemplation filled all his days. It was a child, his great-grandson, fatherless and motherless—his very life.

He was nothing. But his boy, his beautiful boy, Hercules!

The child was a mulatto—a quadroon. To Kalampin he was white; he belonged to the race of masters. The grandfather passed his feeble fingers through the somewhat obstinate hair of this little head, he pulled out the curls—to him they were silky. But that was nothing. He loved with all the strength of his poor, solitary heart; he analyzed nothing, he enjoyed ardently.

Kalampin would have asked nothing to sustain his old existence, but for the sake of his beautiful boy he came to perform those duties for me, his silent discharge of which moved my very soul.

The old man occupied a sunny little room on the Boulevard du Montparnasse. It was low, whitewashed—the poor negro had white everywhere—and in the decorations of these four walls was seen the spirit of his people.

At the windows were rose-colored curtains; on the walls were gay prints; the mantelpiece was paved with toys. Buttons, bits of mother-of-pearl, shells, little looking-glasses, brass nails, ends of bright wire, every thing shone. I thought involuntarily of those charming birds which adorn their nests for their wedding. Kalampin had adorned his for his child.

The beautiful boy was happy. How many hours he spent in looking, one after another, at the wonderful objects which sparkled in the sun like precious stones! What long reveries, distant journeys to the land of the sun, and absorbed there, his eyes intoxicated with gorgeous colors, he asked for the hundredth time an explanation of this or that image.

In truth, when I entered this little home, so bright and warm, after Kalampin had somewhat recovered from his embarrassment, when I saw him sitting with the child on his knee and the sunlight glittering among the glass, I also felt expanded like a plant on a sunny morning.

Hercules did not belie his name. His curly head gave token of strength, his bright eye of energy of mind. He carried his head high and looked straight before him with a martial air and an instinct of command, which were not disagreeable. Good-natured, ready with caresses, somewhat proud—a dauphin.

Never, do what he would, could Kalampin induce his grandson to conform to his idea of etiquette. As soon as Hercules saw me he ran to me and audaciously slipped his hand into mine, addressed me familiarly, and asked me what I had brought him. Kalampin, standing with uncovered head in an agony, apologized in dismay, and dictated formulas of politeness to the child, which the latter either would not repeat at all, or else rendered them incorrectly. It was a wild burlesque, but in the depths of the heart it was happiness.

Toward Spring, when the weather was dry, Kalampin went to the Boulevard with his charming boy. The grandfather's legs could not carry him far. They seldom went beyond the long white line bordered on one side by young elms, on the other by the stalls of marble-cutters and the sellers of immortelles.

As for trees, Hercules knew only these slender trunks, with their crowns of gray rather than green leaves. For flowers, he knew only the little yellow tufts which, when they are touched, rustle like paper, which never fade, it is true, and which grow all ready plaited into garlands. It was quite enough for him.

Ah, how delighted he was when, pulling the old negro along by the hand, he held him long before the urns and the broken columns! There he saw the workmen with rolled-up sleeves valiantly attacking the stone, while the chips flew on every side.

But the immortelles! these scaffolds full of garlands; these skillfully-arranged figures, that was what he looked at with wide-open eyes. Motionless, his heart full of mute envy, he counted the flowers and the crowns. Some-

times his grandfather, yielding to the pressure of the little hand, would advance, and drawing two *sous* from his pocket lay them on the table saying,

"Choose!"

Then dazzled, perplexed, pointing first to one, then to another, at last suddenly brought to a decision by the merchant, Hercules hung the wreath on his arm. Every instant he took it off in order to see it better, and bounded around his grandfather like kids in April. It was joy enough for a whole day.

Hercules cared little for playing with other boys. As his grandfather loved him, he loved his grandfather exclusively.

So they went on. Sometimes the grandfather walked behind bearing arms. In front was the child at military distance, sword on shoulder, head erect, eyes fixed. Proud glances flashed from the old man's eyes. For the first time in his life he assumed a martial bearing.

One day the little denizens of the street attempted some jokes at the expense of the old negro, but they never tried them again. Hercules, singling out the most insolent, aimed a stone at the middle of his back so effectually that the whole troop considered it a sufficient hint.

Kalampin's learning was not deep, but on the other hand it mounted very high.

"Grandfather, who made the trees?"

"The good God."

"Who made the sheep?"

"The good God."

"Who made the sun?"

"The good God."

So it went on for hours. The ideas were not extensive, and contained nothing complicated, but then the foundation grew in the child's heart. These words, "the good God," fell into it like stones; on them one could build. To understand the creation is the beginning of every thing.

When Hercules and his grandfather had passed in review all that they knew of the physical world, beasts, and things, Kalampin spoke to the boy of Jesus. His theology was short; his stories interminable. Jesus loves little children, Jesus pities sinners. Of doctrine he knew little more. But the birth of the Savior, the shepherds, the adoration of the magi, O, he could talk forever of that! Hercules listened. A hundred times he made him repeat the stories of Christmas night and the song of the angels. The grandfather described the illuminated heavens, the silent country, the bleating of the sheep. Then came the wise men in their splendid array, as Kalampin had seen

them in some old painting, their golden coffers, censers in their hands, tiaras on their heads, and trailing brocade mantles. One was black.

"Like you, grandpapa?"

The grandfather shuddered. To compare him to a wise king—him! But one of the three was of the color of ebony—that was certain; and often during his long meditations the negro's heart leaped within him at the thought. The child looked thoughtfully at his grandfather. A holy respect filled his soul; little was needed to make him see on the old man's head an Eastern crown studded with rubies.

When they came to the massacre of the Innocents, Hercules shuddered closer to his grandfather:

"Grandpapa, they would have killed me, but not you, grandpapa."

At the story of the passion, when the troops came out to seize Jesus, Hercules drew his sword with the gesture of the apostle Peter. Like Clovis he might have said, "Had I only been there with my Franks!"

One morning I bought in the flower-market a red rose-bush and carried it to the little room. Hercules, confounded for an instant, drew near, touched it with the tips of his fingers, touched the beautiful green leaves and wonderful tissue of the petals, inhaled the perfume, looked first at me and then at his grandfather. The look asked whether the good God had also made this miracle, a rose-bush.

Two days after Kalampin came to my house. Contrary to his usual custom he knocked loudly, and as soon as he was admitted insisted upon seeing me. His face was agitated; his troubled eyes saw nothing. In an impatient voice he cried,

"The child, the child!"

"Sick?"

He made a gesture of assent, and rushed from the house.

When I reached his little room, an hour later, I felt that a tragedy was taking place there.

The little bed was drawn into the middle of the room. The child, very pale, with eyes immensely dilated, was stretched upon it. Above his head the rose-tree extended two crimson roses. The coverlet was strewed with crowns of immortelles, among which his little fingers played feverishly.

It was a strange sight, terribly sad and of touching beauty. I can not tell why it was that the old pictures of Luini and Francia, with their indistinct outlines, their faded tints, and their angels bearing lilies came into my mind.

Kalampin had heard me, but he did not move.

He remained seated, rigid, with folded arms and impassive face. Not a word, not a sign, not a tear.

I approached. The old man retained the same attitude. In this gentle, genial nature it was frightful.

The child was dying. His grandfather had prayed, but he prayed no longer. He had implored, he implored no more. God would do what he wished, what had a poor negro to do with it? He did not question, he did not submit, he awaited the blow. The torn heart held its treasure in a passionate embrace. God had for him withdrawn into the cold depths of an inaccessible heaven. Every thing was falling to ruin.

The little boy turned his delicate eyes on his grandfather. His body was convulsed with anguish, the incoherent words of delirium gushed from his lips. Through all one thought, vague but tenacious, possessed his mind, a doubt, an uneasiness, and he looked steadfastly at the old face. The expression terrified him. He could not analyze the anguish of this heart, but he felt in it something new and harsh. The dying have these intuitions: they read the thoughts. Words have passed away; the noise of life has disappeared; soul meets soul. The looks of the child were fastened on these dry, stern eyes, and between his brows a fold was traced.

I do not know what I said or how I said it. The name of death I dared not pronounce. It would have been equivalent to murdering the old man. I spoke of the Savior, of our Friend, of him whose arms encircle us in the hour of agony, and who bears us, pressed to his bosom, to the abode of the Father.

The child listened. The negro remained like marble. He submitted, he did not consent. On the contrary, his arms becoming more rigid, his lips growing more compressed, his glassy eyes gave token of that despair which no ray of faith enlightens.

Alas! words froze on my lips. This desolation bordering so closely on revolt I knew only too well. By one of those vagaries of the memory which sometimes cause a sound or a refrain to ring in the ears during the deepest emotion, as if some old choir responded with melodious hymns to our cries of grief, two verses sung by our village children came continually into my mind:

"The Lord has a garden  
All sown with rosemary."

From my mind they rose to my lips. I was supporting the child. The paradise of the good God, the beautiful heaven full of angels and

flowers, where the beloved of Jesus walk—I spoke of all.

The little dying boy became quiet and turned his serious gaze upon me. Suddenly with a clear, tender voice,

"Are there any grandfathers there?"

There was silence, and then a sob burst forth. The old man had sunk on his knees with relaxed arms. He no longer rebelled—no longer struggled. To the heaven where his child was going, there would he go too. Torrents burst from his eyes. As his tears flowed the bitterness of his soul escaped in broken words.

"Good God, good God, if thou wouldest! but thou wilt not. Good God, as thou wilt! I, an old sinner, I, an old negro, I good for nothing. Good God, good God, the child is not mine!"

He buried his head in the coverings and looked in bewilderment at the lovely face, the roses, the garlands, and then suddenly cast himself upon the ground, crushed down before the Eternal, repeating,

"Paradise, good God, paradise!"

Him who resists God crushes, but for the soul which abandons itself unresistingly to the mercy of the Father, the Father has infinite love. Yes, in our days as in those glorious ones when the Lord Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus, the Savior, ever the same, draws near our death-beds and turns on us his radiant gaze.

"Believest thou?"

And when in despair we are prostrated before Him speechless, with outstretched arms, Jesus puts forth his hand and lays it on the pale forehead.

"Arise!"

The dying man revives, the color returns to his face, he speaks, it is he, my son! Thou hast given him back to me, Jesus, thou conqueror, blessed be thou, from eternity to eternity!

Thus the Savior entered this little room, thus he drew near, thus he worked this miracle of which human language can never recount the glory, a resurrection.

All the old negro's timidity came back as he saw a gleam of light. He trembled at the sight of hope. Such mercy for him! He staggered; he tottered; his trembling hands could hardly raise the child. He dared not look at him; he dared not return thanks; it would have seemed to him like audacity.

But a day came in which the old negro saw the child smile on him. In another he sat up on his bed and held out his arms. On that day the old negro gave himself wholly to the God who saves.

The old man and the child might be long

seen bending over the Gospel, following the lines with their finger as they spelled out the words. And when they came to the tomb of Lazarus, when they met the procession of Nain, the eyes of the grandfather and grandson met.

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#### ALL FOR THE BEST.

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**C**OMPELLED by persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and sandy deserts. His whole baggage consisted of a lamp which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a dog which served him instead of a watch, to awaken him in the morning, and a guard to protect him while he slept; and an ass on which he rode.

The sun was fast going down, night was approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head or rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he at last came near a village. He asked for a night's lodging, but was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would receive him; he was, therefore, obliged to seek for shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me from the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and what he does is for the best." He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What!" he exclaimed, "must I not be permitted to pursue even my favorite study? But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed his dog. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! But God is just; he knows what is best for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentence when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my dog are gone! My poor ass, too, is gone! But praised be the Lord! what he does is all for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see if he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appeared that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind: often considering those things as evils which thou intendest for their preservation; but thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people, by their inhospitality, driven me from their village, I should assuredly have shared their fate: had not the wind put out my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the robbers where I was. Praised be thy name forever and ever, for thou knowest what is best."

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#### HUMILITY AND PRESERVATION.

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**F**ROM the side of the mountain there flowed forth a little rivulet—its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveler. This brook, although so small, inspired with a proud spirit, and murmured against the decree of Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

"I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted as those lovely shapes are, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling! I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant, and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower, that bent over its bosom, replied:

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou 'rt not—for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters."

"The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and

by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fair creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully, and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently-heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring its own reward. How little I dreamed, when I first sprang on my course, what purposes I was destined to fulfill! What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair; heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

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#### FAITH AND REASON.

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REASON unstrings the harp to see  
Wherein the music dwells;  
Faith pours a halleluiah song,  
And heavenly rapture swells;  
While Reason strives to count the drops  
That lave our narrow strand,  
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,  
To seek a better land.  
  
One is the foot that slowly treads  
Where darkling mists ensu'round;  
The other is the wing that cleaves  
Each heavier obscuring cloud.  
Reason the eye which sees but that  
On which its glance is cast;  
Faith is the thought that blends in one  
The future and the past.  
  
In hours of darkness, Reason waits,  
Like those in days of yore  
Who rose not from their night-bound place,  
On Egypt's vaile'd shore;  
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand  
Which led her all the day,  
And when the wish'd-for morning dawns,  
Is farther on her way.  
  
By Reason's alchemy in vain  
Is golden treasure plann'd

Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,  
Won by no mortal hand.

While Reason is the laboring oar  
That smites the wrathful seas,  
Faith is the snowy sail spread out  
To catch the fresh'ning breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans  
A universe of light;  
But Faith, the angel who may dwell  
Among those regions bright.  
Reason, a lovely towering elm,  
May fall before the blast;  
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,  
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits  
Where priest and people meet,  
Faith, by a "new and living way,"  
Hath gained the mercy-seat.  
While Reason but returns to tell  
That this is not our rest,  
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought  
A gracious Savior's breast.

Yet both are surely precious gifts  
From Him who leads us home,  
Though in the wilds himself hath trod,  
A little while we roam.  
And link'd within the soul that knows  
A living, loving Lord;  
Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then  
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire  
O'er life's great temple springing,  
From which the chimes of love float forth  
Celestially ringing;  
While Reason stands below upon  
The consecrated ground,  
And like a mighty buttress clasps  
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed  
In white and pure array;  
Reason the handmaid, who may share  
The gladness of the day.  
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns  
To follow in her train;  
Till step by step the goal is reached,  
And death is glorious gain.

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THEY sin who tell us love can die;  
With life all other passions fly—  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition can not dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Earthly, these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they had their birth;  
But love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame forever burneth;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.

## The Children's Repository.

### THE BROWN RETRIEVER.

PRELIMINARY HISTORY—ROBIN HOOD—HIS THEATER AND HIS GRAVE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

BOYS, I am going to tell you something about an old, favorite, brown dog—a thoroughbred English retriever—which has lived with me, and been my chief companion, for nearly eight years. I have had a great many dogs in my life-time, of all sorts of breeds, from the tiny lemon-colored and white Blenheim spaniel, and King Charles, all through the canine gamut up to the bull mastiff and the Newfoundland—but not one of them all has ever shown half the good sense, wit, or skill which brown Fred possesses, and which have made him so great a favorite in all parts of the country wherever he has followed me as friend and servant.

I bought him when he was a handsome young pup of about eight months old—a bright, dashing, glossy-skinned fellow, with a beautiful hazel eye, and a magnificent tail decorated with graceful curls, which, indeed, were a mere continuation of the thick clusters which were massed upon his glorious back. His color was rich, strong, and deep, a sort of golden brown; and sometimes when I have been hunting with him in the woods, and he has burst suddenly into an open glade where the sun was shining, any imaginative boy who was "posted" in his Lemprière, might very easily have fancied him to have been one of the lost hounds of that famous hunter, Actaeon by name, who was turned into a stag and killed by his own dogs, because he had seen the beautiful and awful face of Diana in the moonlit waters. I never saw such a coat as the old dog used to wear at that time, for brilliance and beauty, in all my life. He came of a noted stock, from the kennels of Sir George Armitage, Bart., of Kirklees Park, in Yorkshire, England, and I got him from the keeper of that fine domain. All of you have heard, I dare say, of "bold Robin Hood—that forester good—as ever drew bow in the merry green wood—the wild deer to follow, to follow, the wild deer to follow." Well, in this secluded park, which lies on the top of the uplands which overlook the vale of the Calder, near the town of Huddersfield, there still remain the ruins of the old priory, from one of the lodge windows of which Robin Hood shot the arrow which fell upon the

spot where he desired the nuns to bury him, and celebrate their practices of nunnery over his grave.

I saw this gloomy ruin for the first time when I went up into that far-off country to receive and bring away my brown retriever Fred—and the whole scenery lies stretched out in my memory like a sunny picture in some land of romance and faëry. It was a warm, bright morning in June when the English landscape wears its richest livery of green; when the forest is flanked all round with miles of golden gorse blossoms, and the heather is knee-deep in its purple flowers. I had just come from Sherwood Forest where these glorious features of the landscape seemed to be a foretaste of the eternal beauty which hides beyond the starry curtains of mortality. Sherwood, you also know, was the woodland home of Robin Hood, and his maid Marian, his Friar Tuck, his Allan o'Dale the harper, his Little John who stood seven feet ten inches in his natural soles, and whose grave I have seen in the pretty churchyard of Hathersage, in Derbyshire; Much, the miller's son, and all the rest of his merry men. Many a time have you boys wished, while reading about the patriot band of outlaws, that you had been living in those days. I dare say that you might have donned the Lincoln green gaberdine which the merry men used to wear, and have practiced the bow, and the quarter stave, even though the latter practice had been upon the canonical head of some fat and rich old Abbot, traveling your way, after he had oppressed and robbed the poor on his lands. Is not that so? Well, although I did not live in those times, I have walked over all the scenes which tradition and history claim to be the veritable theater of the exploits of these gallant and humane robbers. Does it sound oddly to say "humane robbers," as if there were something antichristian in it? Suppose it does, but it is a part of the religion of Sherwood Forest to believe that they were the very best fellows that had belabored a bad churchman and helped poor people, and more especially widows and orphans. \*

I could tell you such a heap of nice stories about them if I had time and space; but do but see where I am now, and imagine where I may be, if I go on babbling in this wild erratic way, before I have done writing. I set out to speak of the qualities of a very remarkable dog, and here I am seven hundred years back from the present in point of time, talking about Robin Hood and his men. Well, boys, I could not and can not help it. How could a man go for a dog within the range of Kirklees Park

where Robin Hood lies buried, and not speak of that notable outlaw? Kirklees Hall, the modern mansion where the Armitages live, or used to live, is a Tudor building, and a noble pile of architecture it is. You enter the park through great iron gates, which are surmounted by the coat of arms and the crest of the family. It is completely inclosed by a high stone wall, and is nearly surrounded by woods, with grand old beech and oak trees scattered over the openings, or clustered in senatorial groups. To the right there is a high terrace, which overlooks the classic Calder, through whose valley well-nigh three hundred railroad trains thunder and whirl every twenty-four hours. All along the terrace are rustic seats and arbors, so situated as to command the finest views of the valley and the opposite hills. Noble trees are there, whose topmost branches in some instances you can almost touch with your hand, so deep is the side gorge in which they grow. Others, again, shoot spire-like upward toward heaven from your feet, and there are numberless flowering shrubs, and wild flowers, and fruits, and pretty garden plots, on the side of the solid gravel walk which conducts you up to the sacred spot where Robin Hood lies buried. Every now and then, rabbits in twos and threes come from the underbrush, and frolic in the pathway. The beautiful deer, also, reach their proud and antlered heads over the park rails, and stare at you with their liquid black, melancholy eyes. Here, too, the song of the blackbird and the thrush is never still; and all night long the nightingale pours forth her rich gushing melodies to the moon and stars. I tell you, boys, it is a most charming place to visit in the sunny June weather—for that is the richest month in all the English year; it is the honeymoon of nature in that clime when the wedding garments are most fresh and sparkling.

I suppose that the grave of Robin Hood is situated about half a mile from the entrance gates; and a more somber spot could not well have been chosen for the last resting-place of a nation's hero. It was not chosen, you know; it was the chance place where the arrow fell, as I said above, which Robin fired from the lodge window of the nunnery when he was at the point of death. Poor old fellow! he was taken very sick in the woods, and a relative of his was at that time Abbess of Kirklees; so he placed himself under her protection, for he was a "good Catholic," and attended mass very often in the woodland monasteries and chapels. So the Abbess apportioned him a chamber in the lodge—a tiny chamber not more than ten by nine feet, for I went into it and measured it.

As he lay there sick and nigh unto death, there came to him a leech that his great enemy Sir Roger de Doncaster sent to him—although Robin did not know that fact you may be sure, or he would not have trusted him. This wicked craftsman of the lancet as I always call the cunning knave, bled poor Robin nearly to death, instigated to do so by that ungodly knight aforesaid, who hated Robin; and finding himself on the verge of the river that divides life and death, he desired that he might be buried where the arrow which he desired to shoot from his bow should fall. The "nunney" people granted his boon—and thus his bow and arrows were brought to him; and they set him upright on his bed, and opened the little oriel window looking eastward, when he let go the arrow, and then fell back and died.

Here then, at the head of this long and high gravel walk, was the place where the arrow fell. The grave is still to be seen there, and looks fresh and green. At the head of it there is a stone which sets forth the woodland gifts of the departed. I wish I could remember the lines, but I can not.

"No archer was as he sa gude,  
An peple cauld him Robin Hude."

That is one of the couplets, and beyond that my memory fails me. Twelve hundred and something is the date of it, and really, boys, that is a very long time ago. Just think what mighty changes have passed over the face of the earth since then. England had scarcely ceased her war of races consequent upon the Norman conquest of that island and kingdom, and for that matter she has not yet ceased it. All England was Roman Catholic in religion. Luther lay yet afar off in the centuries that were to be! America was unknown, unless those Scandinavian viking men had discovered it, which is not at all unlikely. Printing had no existence, and nobody had a morning paper to tell him how the general world wagged. I don't think all England at that time numbered three millions of people. Robin was born at Loxley Chace, near Sheffield, where I have also been—for you must know that there is not a foot of ground in England made famous by the exploits of Robin Hood which I have not visited. The beginning of the thirteenth century is the traditional period of his birth. There have been many disputes about him, as to who he was and what his rank. Some foolish people, following some still more foolish ballads, have called him Earl of Huntington. But that was a piece of unmilitated literary toadyism. He is generally thought to

have been one of the patriots who rose under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, to enforce the recognition of Magna Charta by Henry III. He preferred the wild brilliancy of the woods to the despotism of that monarch, say the enthusiastic defenders of the hero, and perhaps he did. I know I should for my part, and I dare say every brave boy who reads this would do the same. Of course there is nothing certain known about him—but one thing proves that he must have been somebody, and that is the impression which his name and character have left upon the English people. We don't love a man for nothing. There is a collection by Editor Ritson of the Robin Hood ballads still in print. I think it is called Robin Hood's Garland. They are worth reading once; and you, boys, may easily obtain them through the booksellers.

But there is a poem about Robin Hood which will bear reading a great many times. It is full of poetry, and bold cartoons of character and scenery; and it sparkles with wit, and laughs all over with a most sunny, genial humor. No one knows who wrote it; and although it has been printed in several collections, it has never received a tithe of the praise which it deserves—and the learned annotators have let it alone, as if afraid to commit themselves. But I want to tell you that it will well repay you for the reading, and that you will get hold of some curious ancient English customs, and ways, and manners in it, which will charm and instruct you. There is not a character in it which a clever boy, smart with his pencil, might not make good in drawing if he were so minded. One day some clever man, smart with his pencil, will try his hand at it. In the mean while it would be good for the boys to show the non-committal artists of the times by doing the work themselves, if only for themselves. The name of the poem is "The Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," and I need say no more about it.

Let me finish here what I had to say about the grave in Kirklees Park. It is surrounded by gloomy pines and cypress trees, and inclosed by four iron rails, which form a square. There is a pleasant seat close to it, just in front of it, indeed, which looks over a glorious prospect of valley, hill, and moorland—this last running right away into North Britain.

I sat down on this seat and did a mighty deal of thinking, I tell you. I could not help associating Sherwood Forest with this park and this grave—and, as I said, I knew Sherwood well—every glade, ruin, and noble mansion in it, and every notable tree and stream, rock and

gorge. The mansions and palaces of the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle, of Lords Mansfield and Yarborough, are within its borders, and so is Newstead Abbey. The forest is in Nottinghamshire, about thirty miles from Kirklees, and borders on Nottingham town, on Worksop and Mansfield—these last being, more properly speaking, within it, along with a hundred minor villages and hamlets. The town of Edmonstow, near Ollerton, on the road between Worksop and Newark, is what I always call the capital of the forest. Between this town and Ollerton there is a mighty track of ruined oaks—the ruined Palmyra of the forest—extending over two miles in length, and about five in breadth. Directly opposite to it, and only separated from it by a broad glade about a hundred feet wide, is a forest of glorious birch trees, and beyond this silvan realm of beauty is a forest of white thorn, called Budby Forest.

In all England there is no such wondrous scene of woodland magnificence as this. Kirklees is a pleasant park landscape—like our oak openings—utterly unlike Sherwood. It is memorable as the grave of the nation's mythic hero, and for the ruins of the nunnery. They look as if they would never decay. One can almost trace the ground-plan of the buildings even now. The refectory is still standing, and various out-buildings. The lodge is a beautiful work. But what interested me most of all was the graveyard of the nunnery. I read there the name of Elizabeth Stainton, first Abbess of the nunnery, and also that of her sister. There were about a hundred graves in all, but most were upon a level with the old earth and hard to distinguish. The Abbess and her sister alluded to were entombed below a sarcophagi of white stone.

The convent garden also interested me. It was quite a monastic inclosure, very small, and fenced about by high walls.

Beyond the lodge, inclosed in moldering walls,  
The convent garden lies. The old oak door,  
Drooping with worms upon its crazy hinge,  
Admits you stooping. 'Tis the very place  
One would have thought to find in an old land  
Long since deserted of all living men,  
And given up to bats, and dreary owls,  
And lizards, sleeping on the sunny walls.  
Thick nettles choke the earth, and hemlocks rank,  
And strange, wild herbs medicinal are there,  
With scents of rotting leaves and hyssop flowers.  
The fruit-trees bear the scars of fruitless age,  
Their trunks all botched and knotted, with gray moss  
And lichens cleaving to the hoary bark.  
Their sapless branches bear no leaf nor bloom;  
But, bent and twisted, rot and fall to earth,  
Nature, well-pleased with their old services,

Seems to reward them with a slow decay,  
Protected from the violence of storms,  
And pensioned on the bounty of the sun.

Part of the old hostel of the nunnery is still used as a wayside inn, and is called "The Three Angels."

Such is the place within which my beautiful brown retriever first saw the light of this strange work-a-day world. I confess that I had not the slightest intention of going so much into the detail of the surroundings of his genesis when I set out; but once in them, and how to get out, *sans* a deliberate confession of the entire facts of the case, was too large a puzzle for my wit. So, boys, now you have it, and I hope I have not wearied you. It ought to be something considerable of a dog to come out of such a mighty pomp of external nature and history as this, ought it not? Well, I think you will say it is when I relate his story, which I hope to do in the next number.

—  
LITTLE LULA.  
A SONG.

BY MARY E. FARLE.

In the trees the birds are singing  
As they sang in days of yore;  
But the songs of little Lula  
Ne'er shall join them any more.

Sweeter was the voice of Lula  
Than the voice of any bird;  
And the little songs she sang us  
Were the sweetest ever heard.

Gentle was the step of Lula,  
And it fell upon our hearth  
Softly as the dews of ev'ning  
Fall upon the breast of earth.

Little Lula, darling Lula,  
Fairer than the lilies are,  
Airy Lula, fairy Lula,  
Chang'd to be a morning star.

We are weeping in our sorrow,  
We are weeping very sore,  
For we ne'er shall hear thee singing,  
Little Lula, any more.

—  
THE SECRET.

THERE were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel ever sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before

the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered, "S'pose 'tis cause Addie *lets* me, and *I let* Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her, that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great cry was heard under my window. I looked out. "Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," bellowed Gerty. "Well, Gerty would n't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I do n't want she should have my ball." "Fie, fie, is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She sha' n't have my pencil," muttered Gerty, "she'll only lose it." "And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I sha' n't let you have it."

The "not-letting" principle is downright disobligingness, and a disobliging spirit begets a great deal of quarreling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true principle of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, and always ready to oblige each other. Neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? O yes. And do you not love them already?

—  
NELLY'S TEMPTATION.

LITTLE Nelly was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instill into her mind principles of right and truth.

One day she stood at the door of the dining-room looking with great earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which was on the table. Nelly knew she could not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her little hands. "What ails you, Nelly?" she said. The child started, not knowing she was watched. "O, mother!" she exclaimed, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but *first* I thought I would ask God if he had any objection."

Dear little Nelly! what a path of integrity and honor will be yours through life, if in all your conduct you seek to know your Heavenly Father's will, and do no action upon which you can not seek his blessing!

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Our Family Girls.

**THE PIANO MANIA.**—The London Saturday Review gets off some sharp and true sayings on the indiscriminate use of the piano, and the foolish mania, which is quite as prevalent here as in Europe, for giving to every young girl, however little taste or capacity she has for it, a course of drill in piano music. We sympathize with the writer's views most heartily. Many of our Christian families, we are sure, would be much benefited by substituting a good cabinet organ, and having the daughters learn to play it well, that it might be used in the family devotions. But we let the Review speak:

"There is no social disease so wide-spread, so virulent, or so fatal in its attack, as the piano mania. Before a girl is born, nowadays, she is predestined to sit and extract dreadful screechings and wailings for at least ten years of her natural life. No question as to whether she possesses an ear, and no consideration for the ears of other people, is permitted to interfere with the decree, which is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that 'Katy' or 'Lucindy,' as the case may be, 'must play the piano.' The poor thing may be a natural-born housekeeper, with a genius for sweeping and dusting, washing and baking, but with no more perception of chords and cadences than of the music of the spheres. Still she will not be permitted to follow her natural bent, because it is so horridly vulgar. She will be wept over, scolded and fretted at, and any lazy fine lady, sister, or cousin, held up as a pattern of gentility.

"To be able to play the piano in company is the *sine qua non* of many foolish, fond mothers' hopes, who look back with regret on their own limited chances of education, and are apt, therefore, to sadly overrate the value of what are called accomplishments. Playing the piano is, doubtless, a very good thing, when it is well done, and by a person who possesses musical taste; but otherwise it is only a torture for a sensitive ear to listen to it. Jingle, jingle, jingle! thump, thump, thump! Who has not shivered, and winced, and tried to appear amiable, through the interminable hours of a small evening party, while some youthful tormentor, harassed into the display by stupid friends, was vigorously pounding out a miscellaneous assortment of battles and marches, songs and quadrilles, waltzes and opera, without the slightest notion concerning them, except that certain keys in the piano correspond with certain notes in the book.

"The piano should seldom be played without the accompaniment of a voice, unless by a Thalberg; and even then, only a few will be found to care enthusiastically for the mere science of execution. And, if this

is true of a professor in the art, what amount of pleasure can be obtained from hearing the monotonous and spasmodic thrumming of a girl whose entire capacity for music has been scolded or coddled into her, and who would rather be employed in doing something else, even though it were sweeping and washing dishes?"

#### THE FAMILY ALTAR.—

"O come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before our Maker."

Come to the place of prayer;  
Parents and children, come and kneel before  
Your God, and with united hearts adore  
Him whose alone your life and being are.

Come to the place of prayer,  
Ye band of loving hearts; O come and raise,  
With one consent, the grateful song of praise,  
To Him who blessed you with a lot so fair.

Come in the morning hour:  
Who, who hath raised you from the dreams of night?  
Whose hand hath poured around the cheering light?  
Come and adore that heavenly power.

Come at the close of day!  
Ere wearied nature sinks in gentle rest;  
Come and let all your sins be here confessed;  
Come, and for his protecting mercy pray.

Has sorrow's withering blight  
Your dearest hopes in desolation laid,  
And the once cheerful home in gloom arrayed?  
Yet pray, for He can turn the gloom to light.

Has sickness entered in  
Your peaceful mansion? then let prayer ascend  
On wings of faith, to that all-gracious Friend,  
Who came to heal the bitter pains of sin.

Come to the place of prayer;  
At morn, at night—in gladness, or in grief—  
Surround the throne of grace; there seek relief,  
Or pay your free and grateful homage there.

So in the world above,  
Parents and children all may meet at last,  
When this your weary pilgrimage is past,  
To mingle there their joyful notes of love.

**WEAR A SMILE.**—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make every body around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your

eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

**FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.**—Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much restraint, or too much forcing, or too much display, ruins the chiefest charms. I love to associate them together, and win them to a love of the flowers. Some day they tell me that a violet or tuft of lilies is dead; but on a Spring morning they come, radiant with the story that the very same violet is blooming, sweeter than ever, upon some far-away cleft on the hill-side. So you, my child, if the great Redeemer lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—upon some richer Summer ground.

We talk thus; but if the change really come it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She who loved their search among the thickets will never search them. She whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery or of paths will never open them again. She whose feet would have danced along the new wood path, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths, will never set foot upon these walks again.

What matter how the brambles grow? her dress will not be torn. What matter the broken palings by the water? she will never tottle over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from a lower nail now; the little hand that might have taken possession of it is stiff—it is fast! God has it.

And when Spring wakens its echoes of the wren's song—of the blue-bird's warble—of the plaintive cry of mistress cuckoo—she daintily called her "mistress cuckoo"—from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—lifting the blue eyes—shaking back the curls—dancing to the melody. And the violets repeat the lesson they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and light-footed herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task?—who?

And the sweetest flowers wait for the dainty fingers that shall pluck them never again!

**AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS.**—Mothers! cherish a deep and constant sense of your own importance to your children, especially to your sons. Take the high and responsible position which God has assigned you as your own, and strive, by his grace, to fill it. Remember that God has chosen to make the parental, and particularly the maternal relation, a chief instrumentality in extending the knowledge of his truth, and building up his Church. Remember that Jesus calls you to be workers together with him in preparing jewels for his crown of glory. Strive, therefore, to illustrate the beauty and power of the maternal character; assert and maintain your authority; make it lovely and winning.

Your difficulties and trials are great, but abundant help is offered for your time of need, and great will be your reward if you are faithful. Shrink not from your duty, for the consequences of your unfaithfulness will

be terrible. "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame;" terrible to you as well as to them. Attempt not your duty alone. The blessedness of bringing up children for God, to be workers in his earthly vineyard, and heirs of his heavenly kingdom, is inconceivable and eternal. The sorrow and woe of training them to be cumberers of the ground, or bond-slaves of Satan and heirs of perdition, who can imagine it?

Let no spurious love or false tenderness lead you to indulgence or neglect, which will surely prove fatal to your own peace and happiness, as well as that of your children.

Remember that you can not delegate to another the authority and influence which God has given you as mothers. If you try to do so, you will only rob and destroy yourselves and your children. Surely, you would not have others take the rewards which belong to you. It is for you to say, at the judgment, "Lord, here am I and the children whom thou hast given me." What motives for personal piety press upon you!—Rev. J. M. Johnson.

**THE SECRET OF YOUTH.**—There are women who can not grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The great secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever-young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper, neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and stretching the mantle of charity over every body's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all we have been able to discover; and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which can not be corked up and sold for fifty cents per bottle, but as this is impossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as usual.

**A WIFE'S PRAYER.**—Lord bless that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband—let his life be long and blessed, comfortably and holy; and let me also become a great blessing unto him, and a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him! Unite his heart to me in all the dearest love of holiness, and mine to keep him in all the sweetness, charity, compliance! Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make us humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to the blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in thee, having our portion of thy love and service of God forever! Amen.

## WITTY AND WISE.

**MIXED METAPHORS.**—An exchange thus ties grass across the path of a running neighbor:

In a recent article a New York paper says: "Events with mighty strides rush on like railroad cars." It is difficult to conceive how a thing on wheels can take mighty strides. Gigantic strides and "seven-leagued boots" go well together, but car-wheels and long steps do n't exactly hitch. We have, indeed, of late, often heard of cars jumping off the track, but such performances are abnormal, and do not mitigate the present case. Still the metaphor is as good as that of the eminent Irish orator who "smelt a rat," "saw him floating in the atmosphere," and declared his fixed intention of "nipping him in the bud."

The reader has long since adopted the simple rule of Addison for testing the accuracy of a simile, namely, fancy a picture of it. Apply it to the following which occurred in the course of a somewhat fervent editorial article in a certain newspaper upon the occasion of the report of the celebrated Nebraska bill from the Committee on Territories in the Senate:

"The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst; and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge society in an earthquake of bloody apprehension."

**A LITTLE HERO.**—A little boy of seven years old had got his leg broken, and was carried home on a litter. His poor mother, who had been long ill and confined to bed, was much shocked when she heard of it. She attempted to rise, but fainted, and was obliged to return to bed.

The injury done to her poor little boy's leg was very severe, and he suffered a great deal of pain while it was being set, and while the bruises were dressed. But, during the whole operation, the child did not utter even one cry of pain. Every one present was surprised at his fortitude, and he was asked if he had not suffered much.

"O, very much," said he, gently, "but I was so afraid of giving pain to mamma that I tried to keep from crying."

This boy afterward became one of the heroes of the Crimes.

**GRAY HAIR VS. BLACK.**—Two lawyers in a county court—one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some alteration about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent: "A person at your time of life, sir," looking at the barrister's gray head, "ought to have a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you may stare at my gray hair if you like. My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye."

**CORNERED.**—Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and give a paltry sum to a contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such:

A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution.

"Yes, I suppose I must give my mite," said the rich man.

"You mean the widow's mite, I suppose," replied the other.

"To be sure I do."

The gentleman continued: "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars," he answered.

"Give me a check, then, for thirty-five thousand dollars; that will be half as much as she gave—all she had."

It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

**THE BITER BITTEN.**—A man was brought into court on the charge of having stolen some ducks from a farmer.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"I should have known them any where," replied the farmer, who proceeded to describe their peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be such a very rare breed; I have some very much like them in my yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," said the farmer, "they are not the only ducks I've had stolen lately."

"Call the next witness."

**SUBORNING A WITNESS.**—During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings: Among the witnesses was one, as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they could n't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Wal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

**JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.**—A lady in Nashville was making a visit to the penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, said to him in an undertone:

"Dear me! the vicious-looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they put here for?"

"They are here," he replied, "because I am here—they are my wife and daughters, madam."

But the visiting madam was traveling out as fast as possible.

**NEED OF INSURANCE.**—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," observed Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." Garrick replied: "I hope you are insured, then."

## Scripture Cabinet.

**THE HOLY LAND.**—The country of the Hebrew race, from whatever point of view we may regard it, possesses features of attraction which no other region can claim. Its authentic history stretches further back than that of any other country, and crowds within its pages records to which successive generations of men turn with an ever-renewing eagerness of thought and inquiry.

We go back nearly four thousand years to the time when, obedient to the Divine call, Abraham left his own home and kindred, and pitched his tent in the "place which he should afterward receive for an inheritance," and heard the voice of the Lord saying unto him, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and thy seed forever." Henceforth it becomes the consecrated land, the land of divinely-appointed priests and kings, and of divinely-commissioned prophets; the land where the "God of glory" was known and worshiped when Egypt, with its vaunted civilization and wisdom, and its marvelous works of architecture and sculpture, bowed down in degrading homage to "four-footed beasts and creeping things."

But above all, it is the land where "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." What memories so precious, which we so delight again and again to summon, as those which are brought up at the mention of Bethlehem and Bethany, of Nazareth and Tiberias, of Jerusalem and Gethsemane, of Calvary and Olivet? The pilgrims of the Greek and Latin Churches still wend their way eastward to worship in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the more enlightened and the more really devout Protestant traveler counts it among the happiest recollections of his life that he has read the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel in the village of Bethany, and pondered the record of our Lord's agony and bloody sweat, and cross and passion in the very garden where Jesus passed through the ineffable strife, and nigh to the very spot where he was crucified.

Palestine proper occupies but a very limited territory. From the Nebi-Samuel, a mountain which rises from a central ridge to the height of two thousand six hundred and fifty feet, and is nearly midway between the River Jordan and the western coast line, a view may be obtained of the entire breadth of the country, from the Mediterranean, dotted with white sails on the one side, to the hills of Moab, lying outside the eastern boundary on the other. Its length from north to south may be reckoned at about two hundred miles.

But within this area there is a variety of soil and climate seldom met with any where else. A recent traveler observes, "Within a space so small that the eye can take it in from more than one point, there are heights like Hermon, covered with eternal snow, and depths like the Jordan valley, with a heat exceeding that of the tropics; there is on one side the sea, and on the other a lake, whose surface is one thousand three

hundred feet lower down, with soundings as deep again. Where on earth is there such a variety of vegetation, from the palm on the sultry plain to the lichen beside the glacier? Where such howling wildernesses, such dreary and utterly-desolate wastes, with such luxuriant plains, fertile valleys, pasture lands, vineyards, and cornfields? Where such a climate, varying through every degree of temperature and of moisture?

M. de Pressense in his recent work entitled "The Land of the Gospel," thus vividly pictures this sacred land in the significance of its tribal divisions: "Each tribe had its allotted place; and the lot of each corresponded to his historic future. This adaptation is admirably indicated in Jacob's prophetic address to his sons on his death-bed. On the south, on the very verge of the desert, grows the vine, to which, according to the promise of the dying patriarch, Judah should "bind his foal," where he should "wash his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes;" while among his own mountain fastnesses he should go up as a lion from the prey, and his "father's children should bow down before him." Gen. xlix, 8-12. Benjamin, who occupies the wild defiles on the north of Judah, is the "ravaging wolf," Gen. xlix, 27; the strong sentinel placed at a perilous post, his existence one long combat. Dan, encamped rather than established at the southern extremity of the Plain of Sharon, is "an adder in the path" of the Philistine; he "bites the horses' heels," and obstinately defends a contested frontier. Gen. xlix, 17. The aged patriarch promises to the posterity of Joseph "blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts and of the womb." Gen. xlix, 22-26. This was to guarantee to Ephraim and Manasseh a fertile portion, abundant in all agricultural wealth. Such was, indeed, the territory occupied by the first of these tribes and half of the second. The mountains of Ephraim, which are the northern prolongation of those of Judah, are richly wooded. The abundant dews and the full flow of the water courses realize fully the double blessing of the heavens above and the deep below, promised by the patriarch. Joseph is truly, in his descendants, "a fruitful bow by a well." Zebulun dwelt 'at the haven of the sea,' Gen. xlix, 13, and his border extended to the Lake of Gennesaret. Asher tilled the fertile fields between Carmel and Sidon. It is he who 'yields royal dainties.' Gen. xlix, 20. Issachar, placed among the verdant fields which extend around Jezreel and to the foot of Tabor, resembles 'a strong ass couching between two burdens,' who sees that 'rest is good, and the land that it is pleasant.' Gen. xlix, 14, 15. Naphtali, possessor of the mountains which extend from the Lake of Gennesaret to the foot of Hermon, 'is a hind let loose' upon the green slopes. Gen. xlix, 21. Reuben, the half tribe of Manasseh, and Gad occupy the land beyond Jordan. The near neighborhood of hostile people, encamped at the foot of the Mountains of Moab—and whose worthy successors are the Bedouins of our day—imposes on these tribes a warlike and adventur-

ous, almost nomadic life, thus indicated in Jacob's prophecy, 'Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at last.'

**THE FOUR PRECIOUS THINGS OF THE APOSTLE PETER.**—1. "*Precious Blood.*" 1 Peter i, 19. Precious, because he who shed it is the mighty God and the sinless man; because infinite love was in it; because without it sin could never be forgiven, lost sinners never saved, and God never reconciled. Precious, because its voice, both within the vail and in believing hearts, ever whispers peace. Precious, because every soul sprinkled with it shall be eternally safe from the glittering sword of God's vengeance. Of its preciousness the white-robed multitude will sing before the throne of God.

2. "*Precious Jesus.*" 1 Peter ii, 7. Precious, because he is the brightness of the Father's glory; because he is "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;" because that all the majesty of divinity, all the tenderness of perfect humanity, meet in him; because in his person and in his work there is exact suitableness to meet the need of ruined souls and trusting saints. He is the "one Pearl of great price"—the "Chiefest among ten thousand"—the "altogether lovely One." His holiness, his power, his love, his grace, are precious. His living, his dying, his interceding, his second coming, are precious. So exceeding precious is he to believing hearts, that to all eternity they will gaze upon it, and tell it out, and yet leave its depth unfathomed.

3. "*Precious Faith.*" 2 Peter i, 1. Precious because it is the hand that clings to a precious Christ—the eye that gazes upon him through the mists and vapors that darken this vale of tears. Precious, because it draws the soul into communion with its risen head. Precious, because it rests upon the sure foundation of the truth of a covenant-keeping God. Precious, because it looks "not at the things which are seen," "the fullness of joy," which is at God's "right hand for evermore."

4. "*Precious Promises.*" 2 Peter i, 4. Precious, because they are very many, and their clusters are very sweet. Pardon for the guilty, strength for the weak, comfort for the mourner—yea, every good and perfect gift that hungry, weary, thirsting souls can need, are wrapped up in those "precious promises." They shine forth through the Word as brilliant stars shine out at midnight. They rejoice the heart as fair flowers charm the weary wanderer over a desert way. Precious, because they are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." The believer's heritage of promise, in all its rich unfailing abundance, can never be forfeited. Unchangeable as God, the "precious promises" have their foundation in the Divine character, and this is the surety of their fulfillment.

The world's gems tarnish; earth's fairest flowers droop and die; but these precious things of the apostle, possessed by the soul, make it rich and joyful forever.—*British Herald.*

**STRENGTH OUT OF WEAKNESS.**—Mountain sides are torn and broken with the resistless march of seas of ice; forming in the heights, and growing continually from above as they melt away below. Glaciers shine like gleaming shields upon the breasts of mighty hills. Their gradual descent accumulates upon their borders masses of the rooted rock, and these become a part of the frozen flood as it widens and advances. Nothing

can turn or hinder the course of this slow avalanche of ice. This border of ragged rock, imbedded in the arm of ice, cuts like a thunderbolt from the flying cloud. The transparent crystal has grasped the strength of the hills also, and with this adamantine plowshare lays open the very foundations of the earth.

What the ice could not effect with all its massiveness and movement, is torn away resistlessly by the rock it holds. How much may be accomplished by what is weak, if it can be made the handle of something that is powerful! The hilt of the sword can not penetrate, but it can serve a blade that will divide a helm of steel. Man is feeble by himself, but he may have a faith and a word that is sharper than any two-edged sword. Let him take what the Gospel offers as strength, and however feeble he is by nature, he has what will make him powerful for the good of his fellow-men and the glory of his Redeemer. Let him grasp with his heart the weapons which are not carnal, and he will find himself mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, and to the building up of his kingdom.—*New York Observer.*

**NEARER HEAVEN.**—The simple fact of our time getting shorter each day does not imply that we are getting also nearer heaven. As time is flying, it may carry us on its wings nearer hell than heaven. The true and only reliable rule by which to judge upon this point is, whether we are getting nearer *holiness*. If we are growing in conformity to the Divine likeness and nature; if we are dying daily to sin and living unto God; if we are realizing more and more of the love of Christ within us; if we are rising higher in spirituality of affection and thought; if we are delighting ourselves more heartily in the service of God, then we are, indeed, getting nearer heaven. Heaven is perfection in holiness, according to the will of God, and as we approach this we approach heaven.

Let us distinctly and vividly understand this. There is a danger lest we think too much of heaven as a place of beauty, of pleasure, of glory, of great society, without thinking of it as a place of *spotless purity*; and all those features of heaven as arising out of this. Let us, then, press on toward purity, through the blood of the Lamb; and in the proportion we do this we shall get nearer heaven.—*Rev. J. Bates.*

**THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED.**—A Christian under manifold trials replied to the following effect, to a friend who was condoling with him: "I look around, and I see how many there are who are much more heavily afflicted than myself. I look *within*, and I see how much corruption there is in my heart, which needs to be mortified, and which provokes the rod. I look *backward*, and I see that hell which I deserve, and from which grace alone has delivered me. I look *upward*, and I see that God whose hand overrules all events, and who doth all things wisely and well. I look *backward*, and I see from how many troubles he has delivered me, and how many sharp afflictions he has made to work together for my good. I look *forward*, and I see that 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory' to which he is conducting me, and for which, by those afflictions, he is preparing me. And when I have looked in all these directions, I do not think much of my afflictions."

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.**—Chancellor Ferris, in his recent anniversary discourse gave the following facts and figures relating to the history of this great Society: Previous to the organization of the Bible Society in 1816, there were 175 different Bible Societies in this country, thirty five of which were in New York. We were moved in the formation of the Society by the representations of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and adopted resolutions in 1815 which led to a convention in New York, May 8, 1816, when twenty-five societies were represented by sixty of their strongest men. Since then about seventy-two different editions of the Bible have been issued in forty-three languages; the missionaries having greatly assisted in this work. The number of Bibles issued by the Society during the fifty years of its existence is 21,409,996, distributed in regard to time as follows: First ten years, 489,000; second, 1,549,000; third, 2,500,000; fourth, 6,000,000; fifth, 10,000,000. There are in connection with the present Society 5,232 auxiliaries, besides two recently added in Tennessee, composed of freedmen. The operations of the Society have been aided very materially by generous contributions, amounting in all to about \$10,434,953, distributed as to periods as follows: First ten years, \$450,000; second, \$900,000; third, \$1,243,000; fourth, \$3,440,000; fifth, \$4,750,000. The cost of the present Bible-House was about \$250,000.

**THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.**—The American Tract Society during the last year, as appears by its annual report, has issued in all 141 new publications, of which 37 are volumes, and has printed during the year 726,880 volumes, or 2,420 per day; 7,898,142 publications. Total printed in forty-one years, 20,740,673 volumes, 279,367,055 publications. Printed of the "American Messenger," 154,167 monthly; "Botschafter," or "Messenger," in German, 29,375; "Child's Paper," 308,666; total periodicals, 492,208 monthly. Publications on the Society's list, 3,658, of which 728 are volumes, besides 3,750 in 141 languages approved for circulation abroad. Gratuitous distribution for the year, \$59,953.37. The following are the treasurer's figures: "Received in donations and legacies, \$124,327.51; sales, \$313,350.77; total, \$437,679.28; exceeding the receipts of any previous year, and making, with balance in the treasury, \$439,946.60. Expended in manufacturing and issuing, \$291,284.27; colportage agencies, and depositories, and colportage, and for the army and navy and freedmen, \$83,062.53; cash for foreign and pagan lands, \$7,500; all other expenses, as by the treasurer's report, \$57,120.10; total, \$438,368.90; balance in treasury, \$979.70."

**PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.**—The abstract of the report showed that there had been nineteen missionaries and assistants sent out during the year, seven of whom were ordained ministers; three native missionaries have been ordained; three missionaries have died. The receipts of the Board have been \$207,526.65; the expenditures, \$210,376.38, leaving a

balance of \$2,849.73 against the treasury. The different agencies in operation for bringing back the revolted world to the dominion of Christ have all been sustained. These have been among the Jews and the Indian tribes of this country; the Chinese in California; the Romanists in Brazil and the United States of Columbia; in China, Japan, Siam, and India; in Liberia and Corisco, in Africa; in Italy, France, and Belgium. Leaving out Europe, where money only is sent to sustain the laborers employed, there are in connection with this Board 75 ministers, 7 licentiates, 4 physicians, and 232 teachers, colporteurs, catechists, etc., including the wives of the missionaries—or in all, a force of 318. There are 37 organized Churches, with a membership of about 1,200, and, with scarcely an exception, there have been important accessions to them. The press, as in former years, has poured out its treasures of saving health, and more than 25,000,000 pages of tracts and the Word of God have been printed and largely scattered. The schools have been maintained with increasing efficiency, and in them have been gathered 7,000 youths, who have in one form or another been made acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel. This is a larger number than has ever before been reported, and embraces boarding and day scholars—boys and girls—from the primary department to the college.

**AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church was held, in May, in Washington City. Bishop Payne presided, assisted by Bishops Quinn, Wayman, and Campbell. This year is the fiftieth of the existence of this Conference as a body, and Bishop Wayman delivered, by appointment, the semi-centenary sermon before the Conference. The African Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church embraces 10 Annual Conferences, 4 Bishops, 200 traveling preachers, and 75,000 members. They own 286 churches, have 39 circuits, 40 missions, and 50 stations. Their Sunday school scholars and teachers number 21,000, and they have over 18,000 volumes in their libraries. Their church property is valued at over \$850,000, and they expend more than \$84,000 a year for the support of their preachers.

**CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.**—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post-mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce conges-

tion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still till chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart-complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

AGES OF AMERICAN WRITERS.—Bancroft will be 64 years of age the 3d day of next October; Motley, 50 the 15th of April; Emerson, 61 the 25th day of May; Bryant, 70 the 3d of November; Longfellow, 57 the 27th day of February; Whittier, 57 in December; Holmes, 55 the 29th of August; Lowell, 45 in Feb-

ruary; Mitchell—Ike Marvel—42 in April; Curtis, 40 the 24th of February; Stoddard, 39 in July, and Bayard Taylor was 39 the 11th of January. All were born in New England except one; no less than eight of the twelve saw the light in Massachusetts; and Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania, each produced one.

**FACTS WORTH KNOWING.**—Folio denotes a sheet of paper folded into two leaves, making four pages; quarto, or, as abbreviated, 4to, is a sheet divided into four leaves, or sixteen pages; duodecimo, 12mo, a sheet into twelve leaves, or twenty-four pages. So, also, sixteens, 16mo; twenty-fours, 24mo; thirty-twos, 32mo; forty-eights, 48mo; sixty-fours, 64mo, are the several designations of sheets, when folded into sixteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-two, forty-eight, and sixty-four leaves, making each twice the number of pages in any book.

## Grullary Review.

### ENGLISH METHODISM AND ITS CENTENARY.

In the Wesleyan Conference of 1765 Mr. Wesley himself asked, "What was the rise of Methodism?" and he answered: "In 1729 my brother and I read the Bible, saw inward and outward holiness therein, followed after it, and incited others to do so. In 1737 we saw this holiness comes by faith. In 1738 we saw we must be justified before we are sanctified. But still holiness was our point; inward and outward holiness. God then thrust us out to raise a holy people." Methodism has been described as "a revival Church in its spirit, a missionary Church in its organization;" and Chalmers calls it "Christianity in earnest."

Wesley and his fellow-laborers, excluded from the churches, were compelled to assemble in the open air till they began the erection of their own chapels. On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundations of the first Methodist chapel in the world were laid at Bristol, with prayers and songs of praise; and in November following the Foundery in London was consecrated. The former bore the humble name of "The Preaching House," and the latter took its former title of the "Old Foundery." Wesley had no thought yet of a sect; he was a firm Churchman, and opened those edifices for the temporary accommodation of his converts, and because the clergy of the Establishment excluded him and his associates from its pulpits and sacred altars.

The year when these earliest chapels were opened is considered the epoch of Methodism, for it was in 1739 also that Mr. Wesley organized his first society, and this he says "was the rise of the United Society," which has continued in unbroken succession down to the present day. Wesley lived to see Methodism established in the United States with an episcopal organization, planted in the British North American Provinces and the West Indies, and died in 1791, with his system universally effective, and sustained by five hundred and fifty itinerant, with thousands of local or

lay preachers, and over one hundred and forty thousand members. Such was Methodism at the death of its founder.

In the year 1839 was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of English Methodism, a festive day of religious observance, by Methodists, throughout their churches in all parts of the world. Pecuniary contributions were called for, and answered by a liberality never equaled in their history, if by any other Christian body. The Wesleyans gave one million and eighty thousand dollars; the American Methodists, on the same occasion, six hundred thousand. Signal, indeed, had been the blessings of God upon their past history, and at this Centenary the denomination had increased to more than one million, one hundred and seventy thousand communicants in the United Kingdom, British Provinces, West Indies, the United States, etc., including five thousand, two hundred itinerant preachers. Its missionaries were about three hundred and fifty, with some three thousand unpaid assistants, and occupying about three hundred stations in Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, Hawaii Islands, Vavou, Fiji, and West India Islands; in their mission schools fifty thousand pupils; more than seventy thousand mission communicants; two hundred thousand hearers attended their missionary chapels.

Such was the first century of Wesleyan Methodism, clearly demonstrating its providential mission, and the revival of apostolic, spiritual life.

**OUR CENTENARY.**—We have received from our friend and frequent contributor, G. P. Disosway, Esq., a copy of his excellent little "Centenary Tract," from which we extract the following earnest words of exhortation:

"An ordinary degree of gratitude will not suffice on this Centenary occasion. Our benefits to be acknowledged are incalculably numerous, and momentous be-

yond all our thoughts. Thousands have been saved from sin and wrath, and among them our revered fathers and mothers as well as we ourselves. It will be well for us to inquire, in the fear of the Lord, what would have been our condition had it not been for that merciful teaching which turned us from 'darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,' as well as for the spiritual aid with which we have been blessed as members of the Methodist Societies. We might, it is true, have been converted and saved by other means; but that we were not, is equally true. For the means by which God was pleased to bring us to himself our grateful offerings are justly due. 'We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works which he did in their days and in the old time before them.' We also have witnessed the same 'works' in our own families and hearts. Let 'young men and maidens, old men and children, enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.' On this happy Centenary we are called upon to celebrate, while families and individuals shed holy tears of gratitude before the Lord at their homes, 'let there be also in every place' 'a holy convocation to the Lord.'

'Jesus, the conqueror, reigns,  
In glorious strength arrayed,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad.  
  
Ye sons of men, rejoice  
In Jesus' mighty love;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
To him who rules above.'

"When the children inquire, 'What mean ye by this service?' let their parents and teachers tell them, that one hundred years ago, when ignorance and sin abounded in the land, it pleased the Lord to raise up a small number of faithful and good men, who went through the country warning the people and calling them to repentance; that thousands took the warning, religion revived, and thus begun, our land is now filled with Bibles, and Sunday schools, and churches; that multitudes have died in the Lord and gone to heaven since this work commenced; and that in other parts of the world where the missionaries are laboring, children also are assembled in schools by thousands with old people learning to read the Holy Scriptures. Thus let our 'little ones,' the children of the Church, be invited to join in our hymns of thanksgiving, and cry, 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest.'

"The largest amount of property ever given at one time for religious purposes was, perhaps, that which King David and the elders of Israel presented toward the erection of Solomon's Temple. There was no vain boasting, and the spirit which actuated the entire assembly was exemplary in every respect. Every one felt that what he possessed had been received from the Lord, and that it was an act of unexpected, infinite condescension in him to accept the offerings of their hands. While they were filled with holy joy, they presented at the same time their gold and silver and precious stones, with self-abasement and sacred reverence. So let us do. 'Then the people rejoiced, for they had offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord. . . . Wherefore David blessed

the Lord before all the congregation: and David said, Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, forever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all. . . . Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. . . . As for me, in the uprightness of mine heart I have willingly offered all these things: and now have I seen with joy thy people, which are present here, to offer willingly unto thee. . . . And David said to all the congregation, Now bless the Lord your God. And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshiped the Lord, and the king." 1 Chron. xxix, 9-20.

"What hath METHODISM done for you, Christian readers? your parents? your companions? your children? your families? yourselves? Have you no friend who is as a brand plucked from the burning by its timely interference? and have you no occasion to say with heart-felt gratitude, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? [to me and mine.] I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.' Your debt is every moment increasing. It is time to begin to pay.

"There is not a mercy we have received in past times of our lives but what must be regarded as having an eye, a tongue, and a voice reiterating and still reiterating the claim of Heaven upon us, 'Yield yourselves unto God.' Yield, then, body, soul, and substance.

"You have read how in ancient times, when any spot was to be commemorated, as the scene of some touching incident or heroic deed, every man, woman, and child was called upon to cast a stone, no matter if it were a mere pebble, upon that spot, and in due time, by such simple means, would an imperishable monument rise to heaven. Thus must we build our *Centenary Monument*. No one can be excused. We want might and mites. In view of our duty and obligations we have only to ask, 'What ought I to give?' The eyes of the world are now upon us, the better part cheering us onward. It has learned to expect much from Methodism. Shall the world, then, be disappointed? No! never! never! We seem to hear from thousands of voices, 'Methodism will be true to herself and the world.' What ought I to give, then? This is our question. We have no concern with the gifts of others. We have only to ask, in view of our own obligations and duty, 'What ought I to give?'

"Now is our time. And is it not an affecting thought that this is our only time? One brief year and our Centennial celebration will have forever passed away. Where shall you and I be, dear reader, one hundred years hence? And what will then be the condition of our beloved Methodism? These are questions which most deeply concern both us and future generations. Vast, then, are our responsibilities; for not only are we, under the chief Shepherd, set as the guardians of our beautiful Zion, but it depends in no light degree upon the now living whether her pure and evangelical doctrines, in the great work of human redemption,

shall remain unchanged, and continue to bless the successive generations of man till the end of time. O if we act unworthily of our Centennial, the first of American Methodism, what kind of celebration can we expect the second to be? The little precious seed scattered by Embury, Webb, and Strawbridge a century ago has germinated, and lo, a tree sprung up whose 'healing leaves' bless every part of our happy land. It has fallen to our lot, brethren, to live in a day when the Church in her strength and beauty 'looks forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' Let us not be idle spectators in such a day, but manifest our grateful sense for mercies received, on this Centenary occasion, by coming forward to the help of the Lord, and casting our gifts into his treasury, that there may be a new joy on earth and in heaven.

Such has been the wonderful history of American Methodism, such its blessings to our land, and such its capabilities and aims. What should be our gratitude at this period for such wonderful prosperity? and how great our improvement of it? The eye of all Christendom and of the all-seeing God will be upon us at this auspicious moment. Let us consecrate the holy occasion with renewed vows, and the most liberal offerings of our treasures. Should each member of the Church thus lay a dollar upon God's altar this year, the sum would reach nearly one million; and should one million of Sunday school teachers and scholars gather another, the sum would soon increase to two millions of dollars. Then what may we not expect from the thousands of larger gifts? Some imagine that even twice these amounts will be realized on this JUBILEE celebration. Followers of Wesley, friends of Methodism, descendants of its first missionaries in America, the local preachers Embury, Webb, Strawbridge, and Williams, let us all come forward on this happy Centenary, and present our cheerful thanksgivings and offerings unto the Lord. Let no heart remain unaffected, nor hand idle. 'Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.' God forbid that on this celebration we should glory in man. The view of Methodism and its success in this little tract is not written, nor intended, to inspire pride and vainglory, but to exhibit the extent of the benefits and mercies for which our united thanks should be presented to the God of our fathers and our God. His hand is in all this, for he is 'great in counsel and mighty in work,' and the entire glory must be given to his infinite mercy and goodness.

"How many immortal spirits are now in the heavenly

paradise by God's blessing upon the ministry of the Wesleys and their successors in the vineyard, and how many, in times still to come, will thus be brought thither, are questions upon which we have no right to speculate, for these are among the 'secret things' which 'belong unto the Lord our God.' They will be disclosed, however, and known when the Almighty Judge of men shall send forth his angels with the sound of the last trumpet to gather the faithful from the four winds of heaven; when the pardoned and sanctified, from the east, west, north, and south, shall come, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of Christ and God forever and ever."

ANOTHER CENTENARY PICTURE is announced by Carlton & Porter, B. B. Russell & Co., and J. P. Magee, to be ready about the first of October next. It is to be a fine steel engraving, by one of America's best artists, J. C. Buttre, Esq., of New York. The design of the picture may be gathered from the following: It is proposed to represent in the left upper corner, "Wesley Rescued from the Burning Building." In the right upper corner, "Wesley Preaching upon the Tombstone of his Father." In the left lower corner, "The Old John-Street Church." In the right lower corner, "Tremont-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston." The center of the engraving to be a pioneer scene—the faithful preacher on horseback, saddle-bags, log-cabin, etc. The space between the pictures, to be filled with portraits of the Bishops, both living and dead, artistically arranged, with a vine connecting the whole, making a beautiful and symmetrical picture. The gratifying results of a hundred years of toil and labor are to be shown by statistics, neatly lettered upon the bottom.

AMERICAN METHODIST LADIES' CENTENARY ASSOCIATION.—It should be explicitly stated and understood that the Ladies' Centenary Associations of Chicago, New York, and Boston are acting in harmony, and that the Corresponding Secretary of each Association will receive subscriptions for any of the objects of either; namely, for the Institute at Evanston, the Institute at Concord, the Mission-House in New York, and the Centenary Educational Fund.

The addresses of the Secretaries are as follows: Mrs. Julia M. Olin, Rhinebeck, N. Y., Mrs. L. R. Thayer, 41 Saratoga-street, East Boston, Mass., and Miss Frances E. Willard, Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Bishop Kingsley of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Geo. Cookman, 1,613 Arch-street, Philadelphia, will also receive subscriptions for any of the objects above mentioned.

## Fictional Journals.

PROPHECY VIEWED IN RESPECT TO ITS DISTINCTIVE NATURE, SPECIAL FUNCTION, AND PROPER INTERPRETATION. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Finding but little in our Book-Drawer for the present month, we recur again to this able work, with a view of giving it a more extended notice than our

space allowed a month ago. We esteem it one of the most opportune and valuable works recently issued from the Book Concern press, which, by the way, has within the past two or three years been prolific in giving to the Church most excellent books. Dr. Fairbairn brings fine abilities and extensive research to the task of producing this new work on prophecy. In his first

work entitled, "Typology of Scripture," he gives evidence of the minute care with which he has studied the typical and figurative institutions and language of the Old Testament, and in a more recent work, "Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy," he has practically applied and tested his principles of interpretation. This large study and experience he has brought to bear in preparing his present work on the general subject of prophecy. He has not only been a careful student of the Scriptures, but is admirably read up in recent prophetic literature, and thoroughly acquainted with the erroneous tendencies of the age, both in regard to the place held by prophecy in the Scriptures, and the methods of its interpretation. One excellent feature of the work is, that it is not polemical; that it does not spend its force in combating the erroneous views of others; but enters with all candor and fidelity into an original investigation of the nature, function, and interpretation of prophecy. The conclusions which he reaches are themselves the refutation of the errors of others.

There are two great preliminary questions with regard to prophecy which, in our day, demand re-investigation, and which ought to be settled before any attempt is made at interpretation. These questions are, what is the nature of prophecy? and what is its function or office in the Word of God? Two schools, both evidently in error, give widely different answers to these questions. The rationalistic answer of course endeavors to eliminate every thing supernatural and every thing properly called predictive. This school, in its last statements, would reduce prophetic utterance to a place among the Israelites about equivalent to that held by the higher orders of ethical poetry among other nations. The prophets were the wise and holy men of the nation; they were faithful servants of God; they lived as other holy men in communion and fellowship with God; they were endowed with large genius; they were profoundly affected by the wickedness and degeneracy of the times in which they lived, and in the name of God and the country poured out in the most earnest and exalted language, clothed in the luxuriance of Oriental imagery, their protests against the wickedness of their countrymen, and their announcements of the certain judgments and desolations which their iniquities would necessarily bring upon the nation! These coming judgments and desolations, however, were only such as any wise and far-seeing man might foretell as the necessary consequences of national sins. In this view prophecy is in no proper sense predictive of the future, and consequently possesses no value as an evidence of divine revelation. It is not God fore-uttering his purposes, but is simply wise men announcing to their countrymen and to some neighboring nations the evils that must, in the order of Divine Providence and under the working of his immutable laws, follow up a course of national iniquity. Nor were the prophets in any proper sense inspired, except as all holy and earnest men, endowed with penetrating genius, are inspired to discover truth and to perceive the principles which control the Divine government of the world.

The other school of interpreters, more honest and pious perhaps, but no less dangerous, is what may be called the literalistic or enthusiastic school, which sees

scarcely any thing in prophecy but the mere predictive element. To these, prophecy is an appendage to the Scriptures, an evidential addition which God has given as proof of revelation, by enabling his servants to foretell with minuteness events in the near or remote future which could only be known to the omniscience of God himself. As such prophecy becomes "a guide-book to details happening in the political sphere of the world's history, as if it were intended to afford to those who study it an insight into the plots and movements of earthly kingdoms, to discover to them remote changes in constitutional governments, or to indicate steps of advancement in material progress." Nothing not even rationalistic tendencies, has done so much to degrade prophecy, to shake the faith of the world in it, and to reduce this sublime and glorious part of the Word of God into a mass of absurdity and confusion, as this materialistic, soothsaying method of interpreting these holy oracles. "From age to age unregulated imaginations have rioted in making special applications of prophetic predictions, without regard to the general symmetry of the prophetic system, to characters and events which, however stupendous to the fancy of the cotemporaneous interpreter, possess no significance in history, and are wholly unentitled to the notice of prophecy." As a result of this, every stirring period of the world's history has brought out a harvest of new interpreters of prophecy, who are certain that they see in passing events fulfillments of prophetic announcements, which equally-enthusiastic men have a thousand times before applied to events happening in their day. Every generation has furnished imaginative spirits, who are confident that by a literalistic study of prophecy, measuring its times, counting its dates, interpreting its descriptions, and fancifully applying its figures, they can themselves become prophets, foretelling the times and seasons. The result belies their predictions, and prophecy itself suffers.

Our author reaches the true medium, and rescues this sublime part of the Word of God out of the degradation of rationalism and the confusion of enthusiasm. "The proper place of the prophetic word lies between the two extremes which rationalism and enthusiasm would respectively claim for it. On the one side, it must be held and shown that this Word was given by inspiration of God—not in the general sense only, in which good thoughts and safe counsels may be said to be so given, but as supernatural and direct communications from above. The prophets were not merely men of religious genius; they were divinely-gifted seers, who could descry the truth of the future, and could delineate it, not in the abstract merely, but in concrete forms and distinctive features, such as would carry an easily-perceived correspondence with the events that were destined to realize them. On the other side, however, the prophets were not soothsayers; they do not predict future events simply as such, without regard to God and his kingdom. To look into the very nature of God, to behold in his light the laws of eternity, according to which he governs the Church and the world, is something infinitely higher than a mere knowledge of the future, which is itself a matter of indifference."

Prophecy moves in a higher sphere than that of the mere events of time, and but incidentally as well as

sparingly touches on worldly states, only so far as these events and worldly states are parts of the plans and purposes of God. Prophecy, like all other parts of Scripture, is the revelation of God, and is only the more exalted and wonderful because it peers more profoundly into the nature of God, reveals more clearly the eternal principles of his government, and in delineating the evolutions of his future purposes with reference to his kingdom on earth, necessarily touches earthly events and states. This profound insight into the Divine nature, government, and purposes, and this sublime ethical significance of prophecy is vastly more important and eminently more demonstrative of divine inspiration than would be the mere foretelling of future events. The evidential power of prophecy lies in the fact that as the kingdom and purposes of God evolve themselves through the ages, we discover that God had revealed this evolution of the ages to his ancient seers.

Such is the doctrine of the admirable work before us with reference to the nature and functions of prophecy. "We find as the result," says the American editor, "that prophecy is a sublime portraiture of the kingdom of God. It presents before our view an organic *supernatural* overlying the *natural*, as the firmament overarches the earth. Thus, while those extravagances of fancy which threaten the very life of all prophecy are quietly allowed to disappear, the evidential value of inspired prediction stands in full force."

We have not space to speak of the equally-valuable second part of this work, in which the author applies his principles of interpretation to past and prospective fulfillments of prophecy, and in which he gives a sublime significance to some of the most important prophecies of the Old and New Testaments. Nor can we indicate the value of special chapters, such as that on the relation of prophecy to men's responsibilities, in which is considered the question how far prophecy is absolute or conditional in its announcements, and that long and admirable chapter on the prophetic style and diction. We can heartily commend the whole work to every Biblical and theological student as a most valuable and timely contribution to this important branch of Biblical study, and are confident that none can peruse it without gaining a loftier estimate of the holy seers of old, a firmer conviction of the divine source whence these prophetic utterances issued, and a pro-

founder gratitude for the possession of these holy oracles.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—*Ralph, and Other Poems.* By Henry L. Abbey. Paper. Pp. 64. *Roundout: Horatio Fowke.* New York: N. Tibbals.—Twenty-two poems, moderate in length, substance, and poetry.

*A Message from the Border Land to Sabbath School Teachers and Scholars.* Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.—A very brief and impressive story of an excellent young lady, a Sabbath school scholar and teacher, who died a triumphant death.

*The Sunday School Singer: A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday Schools.* By C. C. Converse and S. J. Goodenough. Paper. Pp. 128. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

*Lessons for Every Sunday in the Year. Being No. 4 of the Orange Judd Series of Lessons.* From Elijah to Christ. Carlton & Porter.—One of a series that is meeting with much favor.

*Helpful Hints for the Sunday School Teacher.* Carlton & Porter.—A very suggestive little book for the Sunday school teacher.

*Hand-Book of Croquet. Illustrated.* Paper. Pp. 32. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley & Co.—A little book giving full instructions for playing this game, which is rapidly becoming a home favorite in this country.

*Armadale.* By Wilkie Collins, with Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. \$2. *Gilbert Ruge.* By the Author of "A First Friendship." No. 270, Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper. \$1. *Sans Merci; or, Kestrels & Falcons.* By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." No. 271, Harper's Library of Select Novels. Paper. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

*Westminster Review.* No. 168. April, 1866. American Edition. New York: Leonard & Co. Contains, among other good articles, an interesting paper on "The United States Constitution and the Secessionists."

*Address on Oddfellowship.* By Rev. F. C. Holliday, D. D. Indianapolis: Merrill & Co.

*Seventeenth Annual Announcement of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.* For the Session of 1866-67. Philadelphia: Ann Preston, M. D., Dean. 148 N. Eleventh-street.

## Editor's Sugg.

### LIVING FOR GOD.

THE final object of the great scheme of human redemption is the salvation of the human soul by bringing it into the favor and fellowship of God, and originating in it a new divine life, which will transform and assimilate it to the image of God. Toward this result the wisdom of God which devised the plan, the love of God which inspired the gift of Christ, the life, the lessons, the death of the blessed Savior, the institution and perpetuation of the Christian Church, all look as the object to be accomplished. "Christ Jesus came into

the world to save sinners," is the central idea of the Gospel, and Christianity only accomplishes her true mission when she works out this result. The Christian Church, which is the repository of the truth and the chosen instrument of God, has this for her special work, and where she fails of this work she fails of her true mission in the world. She has other subsidiary uses, as the reformer of society, as the disseminator of light and truth, and as the promoter and preserver of civilization, but her preeminent work is salvation. Whatever is not tending to this result is not of the spirit of the Gospel. That Church, or that minister,

or that professing Christian that is doing nothing toward the specific work of saving souls, is incomplete and inefficient in the highest sense. They fail of their true character; whatever else they are accomplishing, they are not accomplishing the first grand object of Christianity and the Christian life.

What God has assigned as the duty of his Church is the duty of each individual member of the Church, and the mission of each Christian in the world is precisely the mission that God has given to the whole Church. The aggregate of the labors of all Christians is to be the accomplishment of the glorious purposes of mercy and grace that God designs to achieve through his Church. The mission of every Christian, then, is a mission of salvation to others, "and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." The true office of the Christian is that of a worker together with God; his true life, a life of personal effort for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This is evident from the organization of the Church of which we individually claim to be members. The Church of Christ is presented to us throughout the New Testament as his chosen instrument for the carrying forward of his work of mercy and blessing to the world. When Jesus had finished his great work of expiation, and was about ascending to the Father, he in the most solemn and impressive manner committed his cause as a sacred trust to his disciples, constituting them the living, acting agents for the propagation of his truth and kingdom throughout the world. The Church is something more than a mere society; it is a living, acting organization, animated by the life of Christ; a body of which he is the Head, and through every part of which flows and acts the quickening spirit of Christ. Hence it is his instrument, the body of which he is the soul, the chosen medium through which he will communicate grace and mercy to the world. It is in view of this living, organic character of the Church that Christ says, "I am the vine, and ye are the branches," and as such, "herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." "Ye are the light of the world," "ye are the salt of the earth," "ye are my witnesses," says Jesus, thus indicating the true mission of his Church.

But while we all feel this is the great work of the Church, as a whole, we are prone to overlook our part of the work as individuals; we are apt to forget that the Church is made up of individual men and women, and that she can only accomplish what her own sons and daughters accomplish for her. The Church is not a great machine that does its work as one great instrument, but is rather an army, every soldier of which must engage in the battle—a society, the power of which depends on the number and activity of its individual members. "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular," says St. Paul, when he is representing the Church as dependent for health and activity on the health of each of its members. How beautiful and suggestive are these figures of Christ and his apostles! How near to the heart of Jesus are we brought as *members* of his body! How intimate is our participation of the life of Jesus as the branches of that living vine on which he hangs the clustering fruit formed by his grace and love! What glory from the Divine Redeemer must rest on us as

reflectors of his light in being the lights of the world! How much of his saving grace must infuse itself into us that we may be the salt of the earth! And how much of his own sacred work does he impart to us, when he makes us witnesses for him, as he was a witness for the Father!

The spirit of the Gospel is love and good works; it is the spirit of Christ breathed into the hearts of his people; that mind of Christ through which, "though he were rich, yet for our sakes he became poor," which moved him to the great work of human redemption, to suffer even unto death that he might save perishing souls and bring them to God; the spirit that works in him yet the intensest desire to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Satisfied with what? With sinners redeemed and blood-washed returning home to God. What individual member of Christ can feel this philanthropic, love-breathing spirit, and not be moved to earnest efforts for the salvation of souls? And yet, St. Paul says, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." The spirit of the Gospel is the constraining love of Christ, both his manifested love toward us, showing on his part the intensest earnest for the salvation of men, and revealing to us in his self-denial, toils, and death, the inestimable worth of human souls, and also the constraining love to Christ which is inspired in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and which is the inciting and impelling influence of the Christian life. Little, indeed, can that man appreciate the love of Christ to a sinful world, little can he sympathize with the benevolent purposes of the blessed Redeemer, little can he feel the constraining love of Jesus in his own soul, who feels no impelling desire, no burden of duty resting upon him, to seek the salvation of human souls. How promptly and spontaneously this spirit manifests itself in the genuine disciple of Christ! Andrew "first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias." "Philip straightway findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write." "We can not but speak the things that we have seen and heard," said Peter and John. "The love of Christ constraineth us," says Paul, "because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live *should not henceforth live unto themselves*, but unto him which died for them and rose again."

The constitution of society, and the intimate relations we sustain to each other, and our capability of mutual influence plainly indicate the duty of personal activity for God and souls. God is as much the author of the relations and dependencies of human society as he is of the Church, and we discover such points of resemblance and mutual adaptation between society and the Church, that we can only conclude that the same great Creator designedly instituted these resemblances and adaptations. Man is no where an independent creature, nor will God let him be. He was linked to his fellows by the strongest and most enduring ties, and by the most powerful influence. We are related together as parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, mutual relatives, equal friends, employer and employé, companions and associates, all indicating our mutual dependencies and

mutual influence. We have said that we can not doubt that the wise and gracious Father has designedly created these relations of human life, and created them, too, with reference to the best interests and surest success of his cause and kingdom in the world. How do these mutual adaptations between the Church and society indicate to us our duty? God has thus given to every individual member of his Church these endearing relations, these points of contact, these links of union, these channels of influence, connecting him with human society, that he may use these circumstances in drawing precious souls into the fold and family of Christ. "No man liveth to himself." Out of himself is flowing perpetually influence for good or ill. Around each Christian is a sphere, the diameter of which has been largely determined by the Providence of God, in which he can work more efficiently than any other living man. Whoever has a husband or wife, a parent or child, a brother or sister, an intimate friend, an associate, a dependent, has a special field of labor assigned by God himself. Here, too, on this broad foundation—broad as human society and deep as the human heart—God has laid that great precept which measures our duty to our fellows: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." What member of the Church of Christ can look upon these relations of human society, and listen to this great commandment, and not feel that God and the Savior intend that he should be an active instrument in advancing the cause of Christ, and in converting the sinner from the error of his ways?

Not only has Christ thus clearly manifested to us our duty in the genius and spirit of Christianity, and in the circumstances which surround us, but the Word of God makes this personal activity a specific duty, and clearly declares to us that in the great work of salvation we are expected to be "laborers together with God." When the Savior compares himself to the vine of which his disciples are the branches, he does it to show that "herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," declaring that "every branch in him that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth that it may bear still more fruit." What is the fruit of the Christian life if it be not activity for God, and what more precious fruit than bringing souls to Christ? The kingdom of heaven, this present sphere of our Christian activities, is compared to a vineyard, and the Lord of the vineyard goes out in the morning, and at the third, and sixth, and ninth, and even the eleventh hour, saying, "Go ye into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will give thee." Our Lord is a king gone to a far country, having left talents with his servants to use till his return. Hear his blessing on him that "had gained other ten," and on him that "had gained other five!" "Well done, good and faithful servants; ye have been faithful over a few things, I will make thee rulers over many things." "Wherefore, beloved brethren, let us be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

TWO COTEMPORARY ESTIMATES OF MR. WESLEY.—In Dr. Holcombe's "Literature in Letters," published awhile ago by the Appletons, we find two characteristic letters from personal observers of Mr. Wesley.

One is from the famous Horace Walpole, a mere man of the world, living a life of utter abandonment to gaiety and pleasure, one of the most vain and self-conceited mortals that perhaps England has ever produced, and no more capable of judging such a man as Mr. Wesley than a Hottentot would be of judging Sir Isaac Newton. The other is from Alexander Knox, who, in his early life, was connected with Mr. Wesley and his movement, but who, on account of a disrelish for some of the practices of early Methodism, withdrew from the connection, and afterward became an eminent divine.

I am impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself. All my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brome to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts to Scotch ballad tunes, but, indeed, so long that one would think they were already in eternity and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows—yet I am not converted—but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution; they have very neat mahogany stands for benches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *haut pas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of my eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet arm chairs for all three. On either hand is a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the Apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh colored, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *sorpre* of curls at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but toward the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm, decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I thank my God for every thing." Except a few from curiosity, and some honorable women, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchanan, who is carrying a fine rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was the *author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors. The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever.

"This letter," says Dr. Holcombe, "is a curious record of the impression made upon a mere man of fashion by the greatest and most truly-apostolic divine that England produced in the last century. Great injustice is done to Wesley, who was no ordinary scholar himself, by charging him with hostility to learning. Although frequent exhortations to his preachers to improve themselves by study, are to be found scattered through his writings, he certainly did not look upon profane learning as absolutely essential to the work which his coadjutors were preëminently called on to perform, of reviving pure Christianity in England, and preaching the Gospel to the poor. His own explanation of the use of the plainest words is perfectly satisfactory. 'Clearness,' said he to one of his lay assistants, 'is necessary for you and me, because we are to instruct people of the lowest understanding; therefore, we above all, if we think with the wise, must speak with the vulgar. We should constantly use the most common, little, easy words, so they are pure and proper, which our language affords. When first I talked at Oxford

to plain people, in the castle or town, I observed they gaped and stared; this quickly obliged me to alter my style, and adopt the language of those I spoke to; and yet there is a dignity in their simplicity which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank.' Let the reader compare with the text the opinion of Wesley, expressed by another cotemporary far more competent and equally disinterested.

"At an early age," writes Alexander Knox, "I was a member of Mr. Wesley's society, but my connection with it was not of long duration. Having a growing disposition to think for myself, I could not adopt the opinions which were current among his followers, and before I was twenty years of age my relish for their religious practices had abated. Still my veneration for Mr. Wesley himself suffered no diminution; rather, as I became more capable of estimating him without prejudice, my conviction of his excellence and my attachment to his goodness gained fresh strength and deeper cordiality.

"It will hardly be denied that even in this frail and corrupted world, we sometimes meet persons, who, in their very mien and aspect, as well as in the whole habit of life, manifest

such a stamp and signature of virtue as to make our judgment of them a matter of intuition, rather than a result of continued examination. I never met a human being who came more perfectly within this description than John Wesley. It was impossible to converse with him, I might say to look at him, without being persuaded, not only that his heart and mind were animated with the purest and most exalted goodness, but that the instinctive bent of his nature accorded so congenially with his Christian principles as to give a pledge for his practical consistency, in which it was impossible not to place confidence.

"It would be far too little to say that it would be impossible to suspect him of any moral taint, for it was obvious that every movement bespoke as perfect a contrariety to all that was earthly or animal, as could be imagined in a mortal being. His countenance as well as conversation expressed an habitual gayety of heart, which nothing but conscious virtue and innocence could have bestowed. He was, in truth, the most perfect specimen of moral happiness I ever saw; and my acquaintance with him has done more to teach me what a heaven upon earth is implied in the maturity of Christian piety, than all I have elsewhere seen or heard, or read, except in the Sacred Volume."

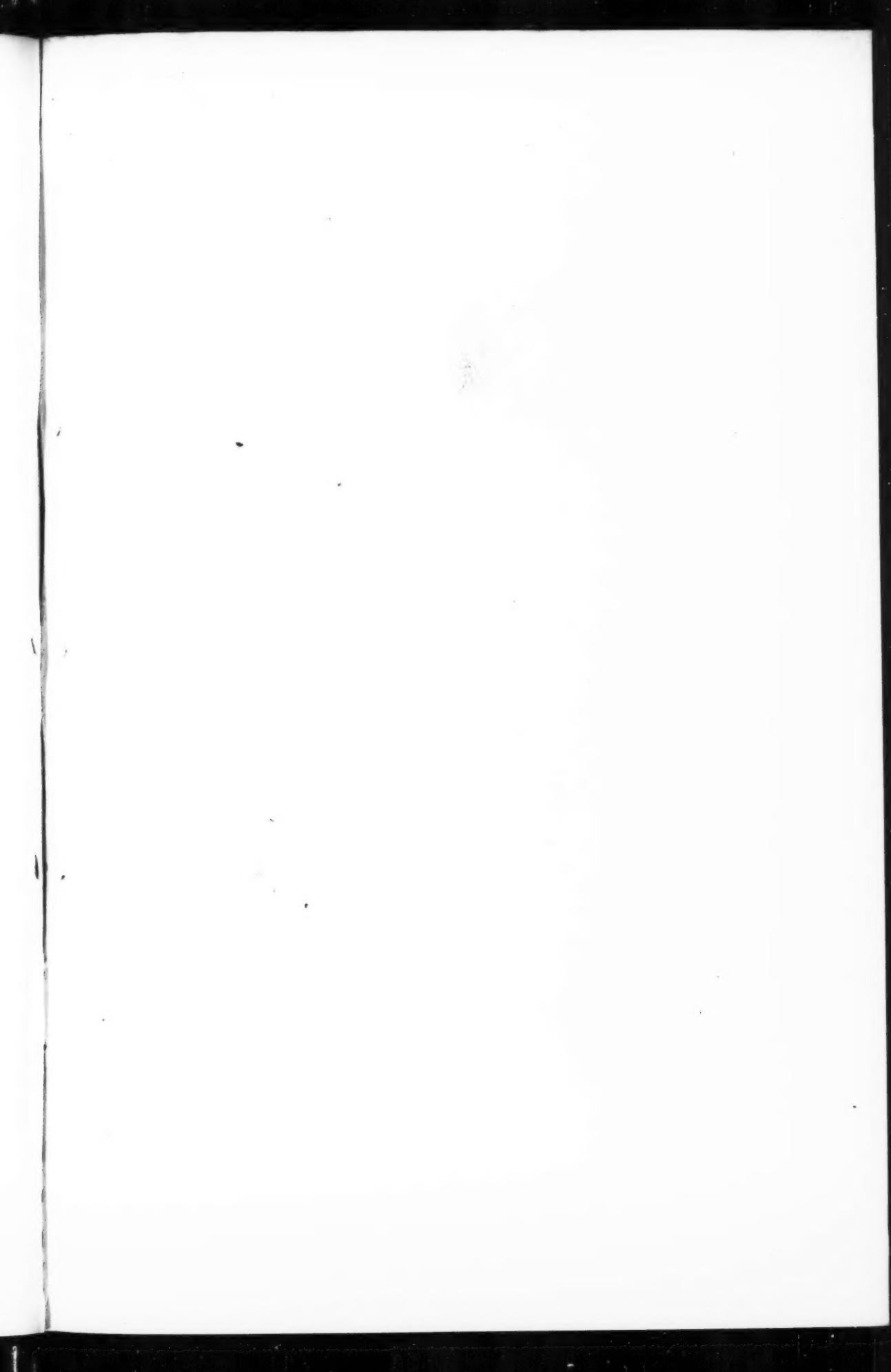
## Editor's Table.

CENTENARY PORTRAIT OF JOHN WESLEY.—From E. C. Middleton & Co., of this city, we have received a magnificent Centenary offering in the form of a portrait of John Wesley, printed in substantial oil colors, cabinet or half life-size, in a fine oval gilt frame. We feel strongly inclined to accept and recommend this as the standard portrait of Mr. Wesley. It comes before the world with an authority unequaled by that of any other. It is taken from a fine English engraving, made from a painting by Jackson, procured through Bishop Janes; copies of the same have been issued by the Methodist publishing establishments, of both England and America; it has been regarded by these authorities as the standard portrait. Persons who have seen this copy by Middleton & Co., affirm that it more closely resembles the private portraits of the founder of Methodism found in English families and painted from life, than any representation we have yet had in this country. In the conflict of portraits of Mr. Wesley the palm is generally conceded to this one by Jackson. A few days ago the venerable Samuel Dunn, of England, now on a visit to this country, was in our office, and in discussing the question of Wesleyan portraits, stated that after a very considerable amount of investigation, he is satisfied that Jackson's is the best we possess. The copy before us is as faithful a transcript of the original as it is perhaps possible to get; and for its life-like expression, and its richness of coloring, it is a remarkable work of art. It is executed in the finest style of oil colors after the peculiar chromo-lithographic methods originated by this firm; and in beauty of finish and effect it is but little below the best paintings of the day. By this art the copies can be multiplied to any extent, and furnished at a very low price; ten dollars, we believe, for the portrait set in an elegant oval frame. We cordially recommend this portrait as a beautiful and appropriate home ornament, to all who desire an authentic portrait of Mr. Wesley.

MARRIAGE OF CONTRIBUTORS.—Since our last issue some of our lady contributors have been assuming new responsibilities, and we devoutly hope, new joys and blessings. Miss Annie E. Howe, whose poetry has often adorned our pages, has gone to adorn the home of our beloved Bishop Thomson, in which we hope her songs will be as sweet, and her life will flow as smoothly as the songs she has been singing for us. Miss Mary B. Janes, whose pen has given us frequent lessons and examples for our inspiration, has gone to be herself the inspiration of one whose name we profoundly regret we have lost. Miss H. Effie Fisher, who has but recently begun to favor us with contributions from her pen, has become Mrs. H. Effie Webster, and already has given us evidence that her gain will not be to our loss. We wish them in their new spheres and homes abundant joys and blessings.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following we place on file: John Keats; Charitable Institutions in Europe; The Mother's Charge; Keeping House; Our Homes; Keep Thy Lips; Fashionable Amusements; By and By; Pure; Under a Cloud; In a Country Church.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we will not be able to use; the largeness of the list of poetry arises from the fact that want of space prevented our naming several of them a month ago. *Prose:* The Aesthetics of Dress; An Influence; Behind Time; Unsatisfied; Alfred the Great; Love of Truth; The Affections; Helen Wilson. *Poetry:* Rain Thoughts; Withered Leaves; The Old Oak-Tree; The Lost Baby; Harry; Petitions, etc.; Thy Will be Done; Live near to God; Midsummer Night's Dream; The Young Mariner; To Cayuga Lake; The Three Gifts; What Shall I Write? Musings of a Canadian in the South; The Night Wind; The Early Blest; Time's Anthem; Waiting, etc.; May Day; Gathering Sheaves; Nicodemus; To Spring, and Esther.











THE STUDENT